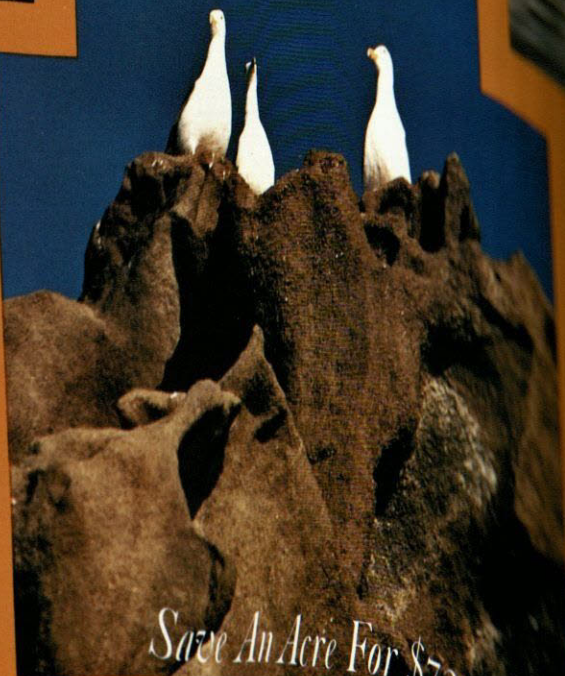


SANTA CRUZ

Island In The Sun



Save An Acre For \$72.

By Barbara Curtis Horton

Limuw: "In The Sea."

The Chumash Indian name for Santa Cruz Island is both apt and beautiful. Santa Cruz is a world apart, both for those who know the island, cove, canyon, peak and meadow, and for those who experience it each day as a misty, unreachable presence on the horizon. For those such a place are daydreams made.

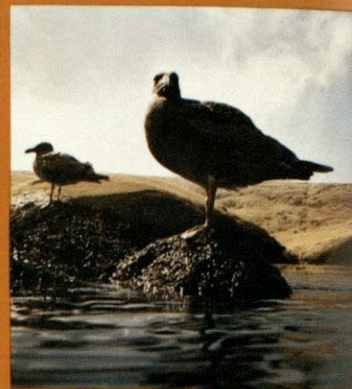
(Opposite) Brown pelicans lift off Gull Island toward Santa Cruz.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB EVANS



SANTA CRUZ

Island In The Sun



Save An Acre For \$72.

By Barbara Curtis Horton

Limuw: "In The Sea."

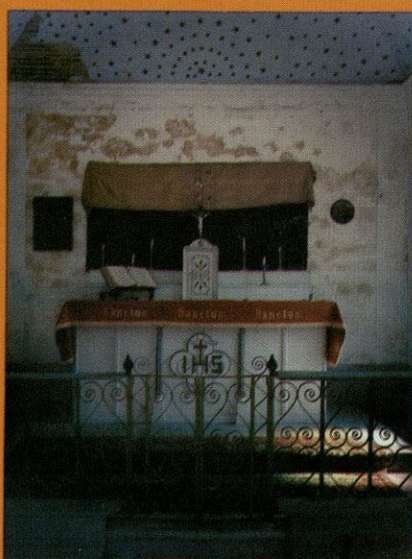
The Chumash Indian name for Santa Cruz Island is both apt and beautiful. Santa Cruz is a world apart, both for those who know the island, cove, canyon, peak and meadow, and for those who experience it each day as a misty, unreachable presence on the horizon. About such a place are daydreams made.

(Opposite) Brown pelicans lift off Gull Island toward Santa Cruz.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB EVANS







Some see it as a wild vestige of California's past, a haven for animals, birds and plants best left undisturbed by man. Others see it as real estate and contemplate high-rise profits. Some wish that it might remain just as it is today — a private residence whose owner permits limited hunting and shoreline use by permit-holding yachtsmen, and encourages scientific research.

Actually, none of these three dreams can stand up to daylight, as we shall see shortly. Dr. Carey Stanton, who holds the major portion of the island, wants to assure that it is preserved as a natural haven. He sought the wisest course. At times, the way must have seemed as rough as the Santa Barbara Channel on a stormy day. Finally, three years ago, he approached the Nature Conservancy about a possible

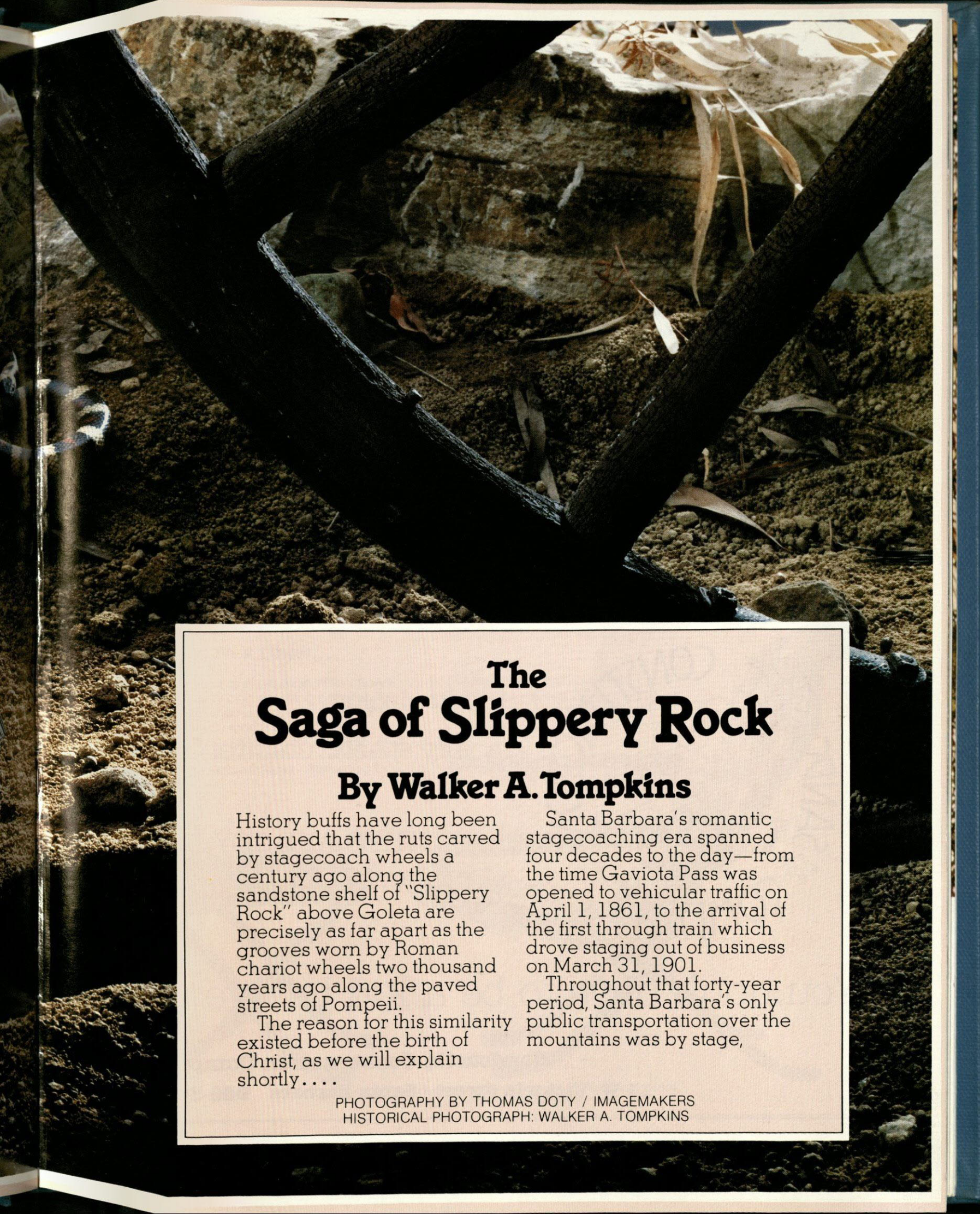
joint conservation effort on the island. An option agreement was signed at the end of last year under which Dr. Stanton generously agreed to sell his portion of the island to the Conservancy for \$2.5

million, far less than its market value. According to the agreement, 15,000 acres will pass to the organization now, with the remaining 40,000 acres granted as a conservation easement until it is transferred to the Conservancy upon Dr. Stanton's death or in 30 years, whichever comes first. Dr. Stanton has sacrificed all but the most frugal financial return in

(Opposite) The chapel was built in 1891 with bricks fired on the island. (This page, top) Below the entrance to this cave shelter, abalone shells — remnants of a long-vanished Chumash life — are found by the hundreds. (Center) Valle del Medio, the central valley of Santa Cruz Island, is well sheltered. (Bottom) Services have been observed before this altar for 87 years.

© COPYRIGHT RON MORGAN, 1975





The Saga of Slippery Rock

By Walker A. Tompkins

History buffs have long been intrigued that the ruts carved by stagecoach wheels a century ago along the sandstone shelf of "Slippery Rock" above Goleta are precisely as far apart as the grooves worn by Roman chariot wheels two thousand years ago along the paved streets of Pompeii.

The reason for this similarity existed before the birth of Christ, as we will explain shortly....

Santa Barbara's romantic stagecoaching era spanned four decades to the day—from the time Gaviota Pass was opened to vehicular traffic on April 1, 1861, to the arrival of the first through train which drove staging out of business on March 31, 1901.

Throughout that forty-year period, Santa Barbara's only public transportation over the mountains was by stage,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS DOTY / IMAGEMAKERS
HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPH: WALKER A. TOMPKINS

RIDERS ON THE STORM

BY JERRY DUNN

Wherever a waterspout appears, people rush to the water's edge and stand mesmerized by its strange combination of beauty and insinuation. It is the subject of tantalizing tales for grandchildren, a glimpse of nature's essential power.

Meeting a snake-like twister as it drops from a dark jungle of clouds is another order of experience altogether. One small airplane flew into a waterspout at an altitude of 800 feet, was swept out of control with its wing down and nose up and a few minutes later was ejected from a cloud



STEVE BISSELL

more than 8000 feet up. Live fish have been vacuumed up and rained down on startled people inland, but without harm ...except to the fish. (Near ponds and swamps people may be telling the truth about "the time it rained frogs." So far, however, it has never actually rained cats and dogs.)

It was October 1, 1976, when eight or ten of these watery vortexes formed in the Santa Barbara Channel as tropical air from a West Pacific typhoon caromed down the coast from Oregon. The atmosphere was warm and oppressively humid and the sky had filled with anvil-shaped cumulo-nimbus storm clouds. Witnesses say that two clouds seemed to roll over one another, picking up speed and turning counter-clockwise, converging with the same effect that an ice skater achieves



DENNIS MEANEY

Cockroach Alley

Photographs by
Larry Schenker
and Robert Shafer

Text by
Robert Shafer

Less than a block away, Santa Barbara turns its picture-postcard face to the California sun. But to an enclave known as "Cockroach Alley," the city's famous beaches, architecture and shopping arcades might as well be on the moon.

Cockroach Alley is where many of the town's self-proclaimed winos huddle, sharing desperation, muscatel and, on cold nights, body heat. Although certainly not clean, and far from the warmth and security of the home fire, the Alley is for these alcoholics a "clean, well-lighted place," a safe refuge from the law, from hostile merchants, and from the punks who toss firecrackers at their feet for laughs.

In terms of creature comforts, the Alley is a camp in the crudest sense—a cardboard carton serves as the community mattress. Like most campsites, it is pitched purposely on the path of least resistance, in this case near lower State Street, where the elements seem more accommodating than elsewhere in town.

Although somewhat transient on weekends when the so-called "Saturday Night Cockroaches" hit the streets, the Alley has evolved into a surprisingly stable society. The texture of the relationships within is markedly similar to that found in church groups, country clubs and other subcultures in the "straight" world. A different fabric, to be sure, but basically the same weave.

These men, who share only the beguiling climate with other Santa Barbara residents, have contented themselves with swimming alongside the whale of prosperity like so many pilot fish, surviving on morsels, depending on leftovers and handouts. Ironically, it is prosperity—that former companion—which now threatens extermination. Commercial

redevelopment is moving southward down State Street. Once strictly a refuge, Cockroach Alley is becoming a beach head in the face of invasion.

These photographs present the three head "cockroaches": an ex-clergyman, an ex-prizefighter and an ex-lawyer. Without these three men, life in the Alley would surely come unglued and fall apart.

THE PEACEMAKER

No one in camp knows whether Jimmy Wicks is Catholic or Protestant or just what his spiritual persuasion is. Or was. While he doesn't spend his time sermonizing, the brotherhood of man is clearly his prime concern, and he promotes it with good humor and a sympathetic ear for others' problems.

He is the Alley's philosopher-in-residence. Pointing to his key chain, empty except for a "church key" which he uses to open beer cans, he says: "Keys symbolize something you own that somebody else wants. I ain't got much to stand guard over."

Nevertheless, Jimmy acts as a guardian of his companions in Cockroach Alley, and they refer to him lovingly as their "ambassador of goodwill."





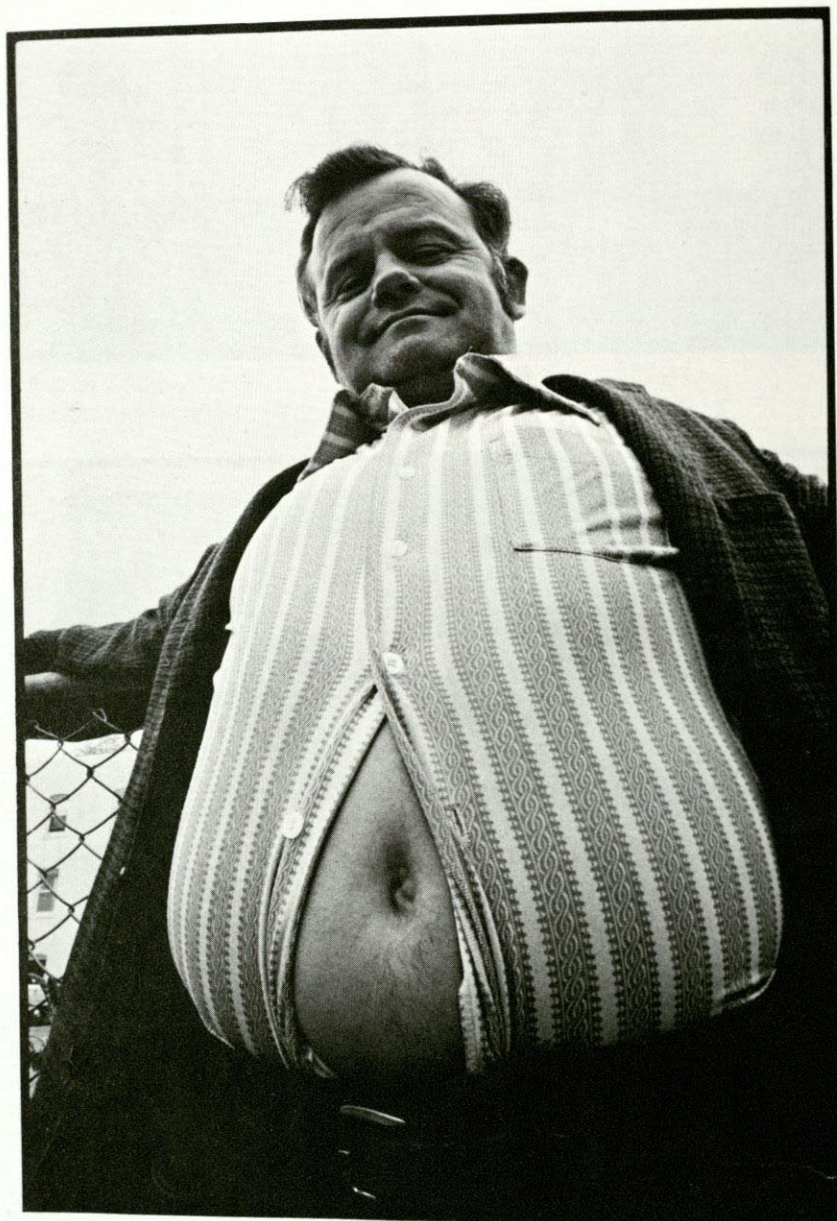
THE BRAWLER

Vocationally speaking, Bobby Spencer is what you might call Mr. Ex: ex-Marine (dishonorably discharged), ex-boxer (three professional fights) and ex-convict (six different stints, all served on drunk and disorderly charges).

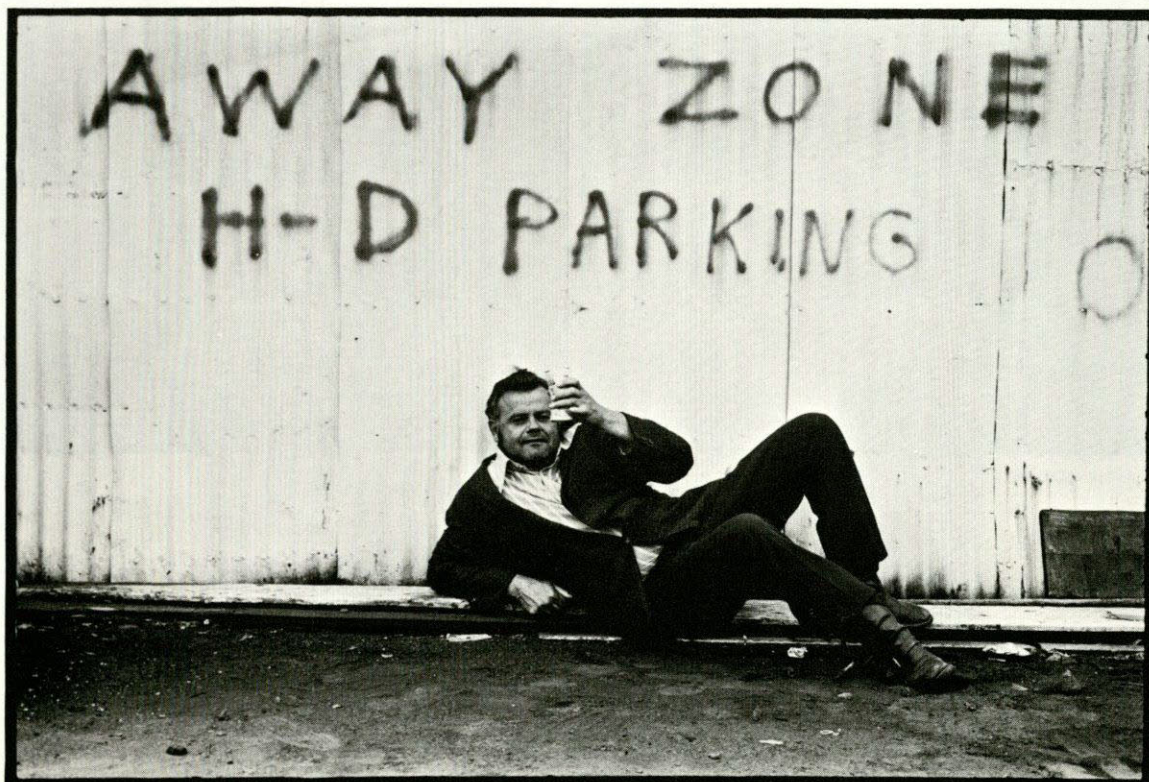
Bobby is to the Alley what a bouncer is to a bar: Troublemakers must sooner or later deal with him. He also "promotes" peace among the residents, especially when liquor is scarce and tempers are short. He is not a bully, however, despite his fistic prowess.

Mindful of his role and of the animosity it can generate, Bobby chooses to bed down away from camp, usually in the back seats of wrecks in nearby auto junk yards.

"All someone has to do is put a brick up alongside my head and they've got an easy score, especially when the men are sleeping off a good drunk. Man, punks would strip this camp bare if someone weren't standing guard. Wristwatches, shoes, cigarettes—you name it."



LARRY SCHENKER



THE THINKER

Raymond Francis McNaught, a Chicago-schooled lawyer, says he "quit the bar in order to spend more time at the bar." He occasionally sobers up, however, in order to handle the legal problems of his companions, who are for the most part uneducated and therefore defenseless in county court.

"If it weren't for Ray," says the manager of a local liquor store, "young turk prosecutors in the D.A.'s office would be using every derelict on lower State Street for target practice."

Ray will decline all offers of charity, especially food. "It's not because I'm too damned proud," he

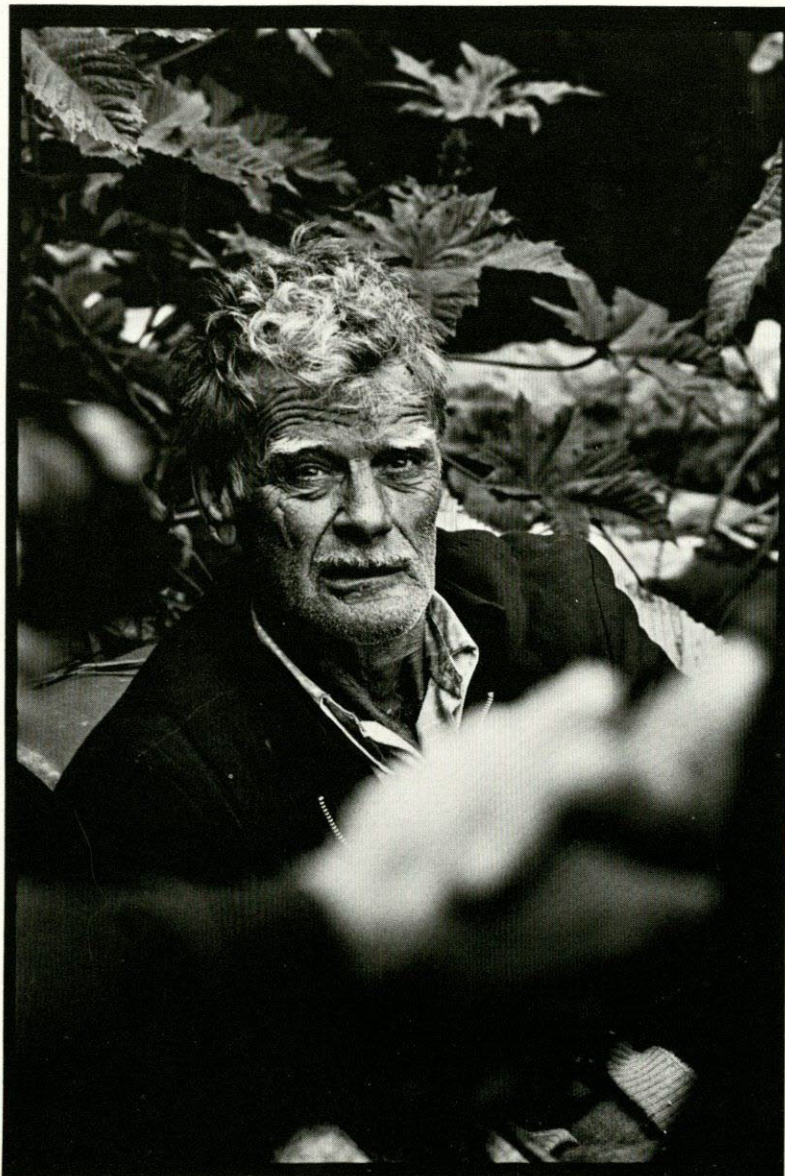
says. "You've got to understand that a wino doesn't get his nourishment from a sandwich or a bowl of soup. He gets it from sweet port. You get to a point where the body rejects solids."

Ray's hands shake uncontrollably these days, making it impossible for him to roll his own cigarettes, which had been a favorite diversion. "Thank God I have friends who will do it for me," he says, recalling how at detoxification programs the attendants would confiscate his tobacco and smoke it themselves.

Robert Shafer and Larry Schenker obtained these photographs of private lives lived in public sidestreets only after many days of camera-less contact with the men in Cockroach Alley. Shafer is a local photo-journalist; Schenker is a local photographer.



LARRY SCHENKER



Foraging the Wild Garden

The Edible Plants of Santa Barbara

By Jerry Dunn

Illustration by Karin Neumann

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets.

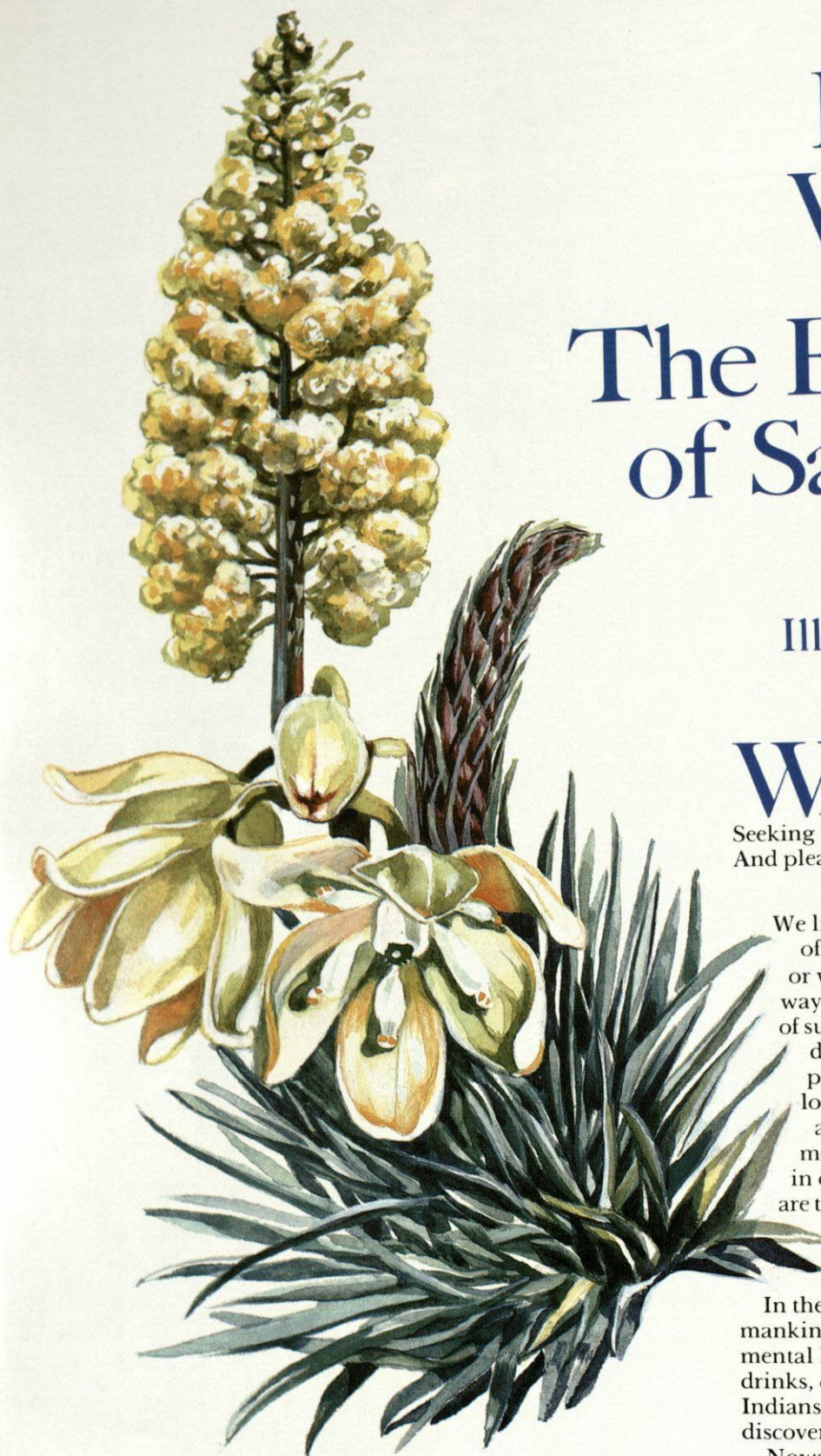
—William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

We live in the midst of a wild garden and yet most of us do not know what to pick or when, or what to do with it when we get it home. In a way it's funny: Our rain-watered hillsides are like shelves of supermarket items all lacking labels; selecting one, we don't know whether to expect caviar or cat food. Our predicament is not a new one. Ralph Waldo Emerson long ago noted that "We are as much strangers in nature as we are aliens from God. We do not know the uses of more than a few plants." Yet all the fruits and vegetables in our home gardens and the cereals in our fields are the remote descendants of wilder ancestors. And wild edible plants still surround us, lining our roadways, blanketing our foothills and even our vacant lots.

They are helping hands held out by nature to man. In the old days we knew enough to accept the handout. Before mankind learned to hunt or farm he had built up an impressive mental library about plants and their uses for food, medicine, drinks, clothing and implements. The observant Chumash Indians recognized such bounty here that they never bothered to discover farming—they simply gathered what they needed.

Nowadays, with the advent of supermarket chains and frozen dinners, of packaged foods and commercial medicines, of industrial farming and urban living, the people to whom these ageless traditions matter very much has dwindled. Most of us grew up in a blissful ignorance compounded with canned corn and frozen peas, and learned to call valuable plants "weeds."

Our Lord's Candle



In part because of the back-to-nature movement, many Americans have rediscovered useful plants. For one thing, the backpacker who knows what to eat along the trail carries less on his back. For another, this convenient knowledge can save his life in an emergency. The sportsman who cannot tell lettuce from locoweed, who is entirely dependent on the contents of his pack, will starve in the midst of plenty if he is accidentally separated from his supplies.

But few of us—barring war or some other calamity—will have to depend on foraging our meals. So why should we comb the hills for food when so much can be found on Aisles One through Thirty-five at the supermarket? Food-stalker Euell Gibbons offered this explanation:

"We live in a vastly complex society which has been able to provide us with a multitude of material things, and this is good, but people are beginning to suspect that we have paid a high spiritual price for our plenty . . . We enjoy the comfort which this highly organized production and distribution has brought us, but don't we sometimes feel that we are living a secondhand sort of existence, and that we are in danger of losing all contact with the origins of life and the nature which nourishes it?"

A knowledge of local flora makes a walk to the library into an adventure of discovery, says another enthusiast. "Three rose hips for a colorful touch in the stew, nibble on a fruit from a Cheeseweed, pick a violet leaf for an herb tea." No special equipment required.

On a purely practical level, wild food is not only fun but free. This doesn't mean that we can pillage the hills like barbarians; wild animals and birds need the foods that to us are only pleasant additions to a menu. But if we harvest with thrift and care, nature can spare a few things.



Coast Live Oak



Wild plants are also good for us. The mother who beseeches her son to "Eat your salad" is apparently in agreement with Mother Nature, who has supplied nutritious salad greens on every bluff and bank. In fact, some wild foods are so healthful that they should more properly be called tonics.

Plants that grow in the wild may have strong properties, sometimes too strong for safe eating. You can start nibbling one here on earth and finish it in the afterlife. There is a simple rule, however, to avoid getting poisoned. As a matter of fact, it's foolproof: *Never* eat anything you haven't identified positively.

It pays to ask, "Is there anything poisonous that looks like this?" when learning a new plant. Sweet Fennel, for example—the anise which sweetens the air along our sea cliffs and foothills—closely resembles Poison Hemlock. Let us emulate Socrates' wisdom without repeating his fate.

Even non-poisonous plants can be difficult to assimilate. If we are accustomed to eating corn flakes and a bag of Ding-Dongs for breakfast, it is a rough transition to acorn mush and Black Sage tea. Test wild foods in moderation.

We should know what parts of a plant are edible and at what time of year. Still coiled in early spring, young Bracken Ferns sauteed in butter make a delectable dinner; older fronds make us sick. Elderberries taste delicious, but using an Elder twig to roast a hot dog can be deadly.

One of the least accurate yardsticks of a plant's edibility is whether it *looks* good to eat. The flower-laden Oleander is a lovely sight, yet utterly lethal; one blossom can kill a child.

It also pays to ignore wise sayings. "What the birds eat, we can eat," they say. Nonsense. The white berries of a certain local shrub are a favorite food of the birds, but any Californian knows better than to prepare a Poison Oak salad.

Finally, some plants pose man-made dangers. If the foliage growing at the edge of a vacant lot looks oily, brown and withered, don't pick it. Unless you like weed killer. Also, because of the lead content of some gasolines, do not pick plants for food within 100 feet of a busy road.

With these simple precautions in mind we can bring delicious, nutritious wild plants to our table without harm to anyone. But what about harming the plant communities? Plants that were blessed with too many desirable attributes have been sorely depleted, and bulldozers have removed many of the rest.

There is no such thing as an endless supply, as we have learned the hard way. Never gather endangered or depleted species; never take all the plants of one kind in one area, and if there is only one example of a species, leave it; next year there will be more.



Cattail



California Poppy

8.

Probably the most important conservation measure we can adopt is to favor "naturalized" plants, those which have invaded native habitats. Some, like Horehound, an ingredient in cough remedies and candy, were brought here on purpose; others hitch-hiked (in the form of seeds or burrs) with animals and birds or on the blankets of cross-country pioneers. Thinning out these plants by taking them home for dinner is performing a service for the natives, who have been robbed of their own lands by the more vigorous and prolific interlopers.

So now we have gathered something green and identified it. What do we have? One of life's great taste treats. Wild plants have flavors and textures that simply don't exist in tamer, store-bought fare. Unlike commercial produce, which has been sprayed, picked unripe, bruised and left on a shelf so that it reaches us days old and thoroughly lifeless, wild foodstuffs are fresh, untouched and uncontaminated. "Wild food is clean," noted Euell Gibbons, "because it has never been dirty."

Don't be afraid to try something new. Remember that the ordinary tomato was grown for 200 years as a garden ornamental before anyone discovered that it was good to eat.

"In a way it is paying homage to nature to gather from the wild," says plant lover Kim Williams, the author of *Eating Wild Plants*. "In our organized world with mile-long rows of corn and beans—planted, fertilized, sprayed and harvested by machine—isn't it an appreciation of nature to pick a berry that grew without being planted or watered or sprayed? It's almost a miracle that it grew at all. Maybe when I eat something wild I feel I am participating in that miracle."

FOOD PLANTS. There is no reason to go hungry throughout much of the world, not with nearly 500 kinds of oak trees producing acorns. These glossy brown nuts were the staff of life to primitive people in Europe, Asia and America. (During man's long tenure on earth, he has probably consumed more tons of acorns than of grains, which entered his diet only with the advent of agriculture.) In California, acorn mush was the chief daily food of over three-quarters of the Indians, and most large oak groves were invested with traditional acorn rights, recognized by general consent as the harvest grounds of particular communities.

Today, although acorn mush still offers protein, calcium and potassium, it isn't giving Cream of Wheat any competition on American breakfast tables.

Some acorns are naturally sweet but the type of tree relied upon by the Chumash—the Coast Live Oak (*Quercus agrifolia*)—produces bitter nuts that must be leached before



Miner's Lettuce



Wild Rose



Amole



Horehound

being eaten. The Chumash method was to soak the shelled nuts in hot water, changing it when it turned brown; we can boil them in water on top of the stove. Either technique removes tannin, the bitter substance which tans leather, and leaves a bland nutmeat to be dried in a slow oven or in the sun, then ground into meal in an electric blender or hand mill. With the addition of water, the meal becomes *atole*, the traditional Indian mush. It can only be called gooey. Plunging the hot mush into cold water produces stiff cakes which have made good trail rations for hundreds of years.

Whole acorns coated with sugar make a delectable glaze confection. And it will surprise almost no one that Euell Gibbons devised a recipe for acorn bread: Sift together 1 cup of acorn meal, 1 cup of white flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon of salt and 3 tablespoons of sugar. Beat 1 egg, add 1 cup of milk and 3 tablespoons of salad oil. Add this to the dry ingredients and stir just enough to moisten everything. Pour into a greased pan and bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. (The same batter, poured two-thirds full into a greased muffin tin and baked for 20 minutes becomes acorn muffins.) Gibbons reports that his "breads make a fine accompaniment to wild vegetables or wild fruit and taste as if they had already been buttered."

There are also some uncommon uses for this common item. Some Indian tribes learned to let acorn meal accumulate mold which they scraped off, kept in a damp place and used as an effective precursor of penicillin-type drugs to treat infections and sores. Dye was produced from the bark; the leached tannin from the nuts was used to cure hides. Acorns still provide food for quail, chipmunks, squirrels and deer. The oak tree, which offers man firewood and shade, is a bountiful storehouse and a benevolent spirit.

Many wild greens can be steamed or boiled to become delicious vegetable dishes; others can be tossed into salads just as they are.

Shepherd's Purse (*Capsella bursa-pastoris*), whose heart-shaped seed pods resemble the pouches carried by European herdsmen, is easy to identify. It is an import to Santa Barbara and so should be preferred when foraging. The plant favors pasture land and woods and grows abundantly in the cattle country near Los Alamos. Because it belongs to the mustard family, its leaves have a peppery taste which can be bitter, however, after the plant flowers; picked earlier they taste like a cross between

turnip greens and cabbage. The leaves can be added to a salad or dried and used to flavor soup. In shadier, woodland areas, particularly under oak trees, look for a good potherb and salad ingredient called Miner's Lettuce because the '49ers ate its vitamin-C-packed leaves to ward off scurvy. Small and semi-succulent, the disc-like leaves look as though they had been impaled on their stem like bills on a desk spindle. The leaves are bland, so in concocting a salad of Miner's Lettuce (*Claytonia perfoliata*) it is wise to mix it with other vegetables and seasonings.

A Peruvian import which is now a common local groundcover is the Nasturtium (*Tropaeolum majus*). Its common name means "nose twister," a reference to the tangy quality of its leaves, which lend considerable flavor when chopped into coleslaw or bean salad. The orange and yellow flowers add color to green salads and, filled with a mixture of cream cheese and crushed pineapple, are unusual appetizers. The blossoms may also be stuffed with tuna fish salad for a cool summer lunch. The Cattail (*Typha latifolia*), that staple of dried flower arrangements, is also the *compleat* wild food. It is easy to recognize; there is no poisonous plant that remotely resembles it; it is plentiful and has edible parts at all times of year; it is easy to prepare, safe in any quantity and tastes good.

Euell Gibbons praised the Cattail as "the supermarket of the swamps" for the number of foods it produces. The spring shoots furnish a starch-rich vegetable; the young bloom spikes can be cooked and eaten like corn; the bright yellow pollen, added to flour, makes nutritious golden pancakes. The rootstocks and rhizomes, though they can be roasted as an emergency source of starch, *should not* be gathered since they are the instruments of the Cattail's continuing regeneration.

The Cattail has other uses besides food. The pale green, tape-like leaves are the "rush" which is woven into chair seats and which once was used to thatch Chumash dwellings. The cottony fluff which fills out the brown, cigar-shaped flower spikes was formerly used for mattress stuffing and insulation and still makes good tinder for lighting a campfire. Look for Cattails in fresh water marshes and along watercourses like the Santa Ynez River.

On the dry, rocky ridges of the Sespe and upper Cuyama areas you can harvest the nuts of the One-leaf Pinyon Pine (*Pinus monophylla*), which are easy to digest and so delicious that they are sold by the bag all over Mexico. In the Southwest, they have been staples of trade and table for centuries.

The nutty seeds are ready in autumn when they can often be picked up from the ground. Or the unopened cones, knocked from the trees with a pole in the Indian way, can be roasted in a campfire until they pop open and relinquish the nuts. They contain a good deal of protein and so much fat that some



Dandelion



Shepherd's Purse

Apaches did not allow their pregnant women to eat them, fearing a fat baby and a difficult delivery. With 3000 calories per pound, Pinyon nuts have been an important fuel food, even if fattening. Too, the resin found dripping from a tree's broken branches and cuts can be chewed to soothe a sore throat, boiled as a tea to cure a cold, applied as a hot dressing to draw out splinters, and smeared on a warm cloth to serve as a mustard plaster.

DRINK PLANTS. When the Spanish conquered Mexico they discovered many foods that are now commonplace in the American diet—potatoes, corn, peppers and beans. But some of their discoveries have made no impact north of the border at all.

Among the plants which Cortez found in the floating gardens of the Aztecs was a blue-flowered herb that provided nutty-tasting, nutritious seeds. Dropped into a cup of water, the seeds developed a gelatinous shell and made a smooth, pleasant drink which, sweetened with lemon or lime and honey, is still popular all over modern Mexico.

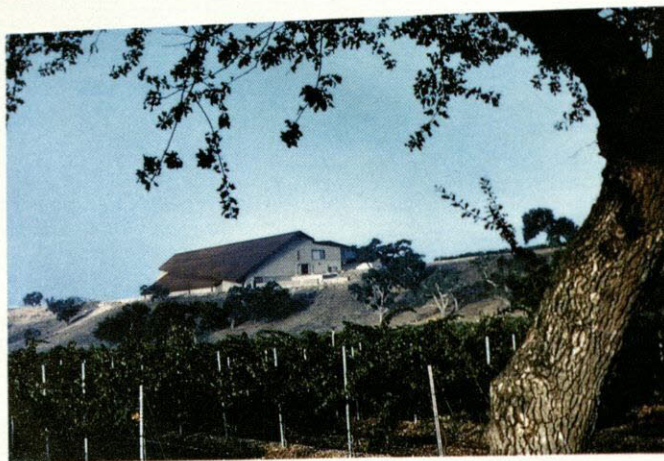
The seeds are from the Chia plant (*Salvia columbariae*), a member of the sage family. It grows in the Santa Barbara back country also, particularly along trails, banks and roadsides from the Santa Ynez Mountains to the Sespe and Cuyama regions. The easiest way to collect the seeds is to knock them from the dried flower heads with a stick, holding a paper bag underneath; the Indian method was the same, except using a woven basket. The seeds are ready in July, when they can be roasted and ground into fine flour. Try eating them whole in pinches. They have such high food value that a teaspoonful was regarded as enough to carry an Indian on a 24-hour forced march.

Other sages, like *Salvia mellifera* or Black Sage, grow in the foothills, for which we may count ourselves lucky. At one time the Chinese liked sage tea so much that they bartered their own tea for it with Dutch merchants at a rate of three to one. A refreshing sage drink can be easily made from ½ ounce of dried leaves, the juice of 1 lemon or ½ ounce of grated rind, a spoonful of honey and a quart of boiling water. Allow it to stand for a half hour and strain before using. The resulting drink tastes good, is reputed to cool fevers and to purify the blood.

Of another flavor altogether, but equally refreshing and easy to brew, is the delightful pink lemonade made from Coast Sumac or Lemonade Berry (*Rhus integrifolia*). The leaves of this plant, which abounds on rv hill, on coastal bluffs especially below the Rincon and



FIRESTONE



Our Wine and Our Vineyard

YOU ARE INVITED

to tour The Firestone Winery. Visitors are welcome from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. daily except Sunday. We are located east of Highway 101 on Zaca Station Road, in the beautiful Santa Ynez valley. For further information, telephone 688-3940. Our premium wines available at the winery, retail stores and restaurants.

the
FIRESTONE
vineyard



along Arroyo Burro Beach, are somewhat leathery, the flowers white or pink. The berries, however, are deep crimson and coated with tiny hairs and a sticky substance which is pleasantly acid. The clusters of berries should be broken off whole in the fall, bruised between the hands and soaked in cold water until the solution turns pink. (Warm water will release tannin from the berries and the drink will taste like you are sucking on a tea bag.) Strain in order to remove the hairs, and drink soon. The beverage does not store well since its lemon-like flavor changes rapidly.

Yerba Buena (*Satureja douglassii*), which once covered the hills where San Francisco was built and which gave the city its original name, resembles garden mint. Its leaves can be steeped for a few minutes in hot water to brew a tea that stimulates the digestion. Yerba Buena can be found in cool woodlands, and is fairly plentiful near Tepesquet.

A familiar sight in the chaparral is the Bigberry Manzanita (*Arctostaphylos glauca*) with its shiny chocolate-colored trunk and twisting branches, as hard as bone. Its berries, partially crushed in water, transform it into delicious cider. (A few berries chewed along a trail are, in fact, a thirst quencher by themselves.) Manzanita leaves also have value: Boiled down in water they become a lotion which relieves the inflammation caused by Poison Oak.

MEDICINAL PLANTS. "Let your foods be your medicine."—Hippocrates, 500 BC. We should remember that Ralph Waldo Emerson identified a weed as "a plant whose virtues have not yet been discovered." We might add to his definition "... or a plant whose virtues have been forgotten." The first Americans valued the dandelion so highly, for example, that they brought it with them from Europe. Now we call it a weed and spend our Saturday afternoons digging it out of the lawn.

The dandelion's scientific name—*Taraxacum officinale*—means "the official remedy for disorders," and the plant has indeed saved many lives around the world since the first Arabian physicians prescribed it. In the early days in England and America, when fresh vegetables were unavailable throughout the long winters, when people regularly grew ill by the end of the snow season from vitamin-deficiency diseases, doctors prescribed the juice squeezed from dandelion roots; in the spring they told their patients to devour as many young leaves as they could. These oldtime

physicians did not know what vitamins and minerals were, but they had learned that these "spring tonics" work. Now we know that dandelions offer vitamins B, C and D, lots of calcium and iron, and more vitamin A than spinach.

For some reason we moderns prefer to eat expensive store-bought vegetables and to rely on drugstore vitamins for synthetic nourishment while we waste time and money on the unsuccessful eradication of "weeds" like the dandelion.

The secret of enjoying dandelion greens is to pick the leaves early in the spring and to boil them in two waters to rid them of bitter traces. (Once the flowers appear, no amount of boiling will help.) The roots can also be boiled and eaten, using a pinch of baking soda in the first water. Roasted in a slow oven for four hours until the centers are dark brown, then finely ground, dandelion roots also make a highly-esteemed coffee substitute; it is stronger, so use less. Above the root but below the ground you will find a tangle of blanched leaf stems reaching to the surface. This white crown can be eaten raw in a salad or cooked and seasoned with butter and salt.

The young dandelion leaves can be chopped and added to potato or egg salads, to creamed tuna, and to soups, stews and omelettes. Even the flowers are useful: Dipped in batter on a camping trip and fried, they are "dandelion fritters." Dandelion wine has a fine reputation, bringing a touch of summer into the winter household because it is made entirely from flowers. (Many books about wild plants carry detailed recipes.)

The dandelion seems to know that despite all its contributions, it is disdained and must prepare for the worst. Its seeds germinate in only three days and need no dormancy period; its long tap roots appear designed to cling to precarious footholds, the flat clusters of its leaves to evade the lawn mower. Perhaps nature has engineered things so that children will always have plenty of silver seedpuffs to blow into the wind, giving them secret information about the number of children they will have or the number of times they will marry.

Another of the great herbal remedies brought from Europe but long since a naturalized citizen of America is Horehound (*Marrubium vulgare*). The small plant is part of the mint family and has a bitter-aromatic flavor and the distinctive odor of cough drops. Its wrinkled white leaves, when boiled with water and reduced to a concentrate (with added honey if desired), relieve chest congestion, break phlegm and taste good.

Horehound candies are famous as sweet stifiers of coughs. Here is one recipe for making them: Simmer one cup of

TIBET.



A thousand years is but a moment in Tibet. Carpetmakers still weave in the manner of their ancestors, working brilliant dyes into raw woolen yarns and hand-tying a hundred and twenty thousand knots in a carpet this size to form the ancient and intricate symbols of the Himalayas.

BERMAN'S

Tibetan Carpets and Tapestries.

By appointment (805) 968-1201



Edamar

Goldsmiths & Silversmiths

1129 State St. Santa Barbara, CA 93101
Telephone: (805) 965-1333

Santa Barbara's Favorite Jewelers

"There is something for everyone at ..."



Oak Reproductions
Victorian Reproductions by Kimball

Brass Lamps and Accessories
THE BASKET SHOP

Mr. Brasley's Antiques

322 State Street
Santa Barbara, CA.
(805) 962-4950

Open daily 11 to 7
Sunday 12 - 7
Closed Tuesday

leaves in a pint of water for 20 minutes. Strain out the leaves and add two cups of sugar to the juice. Boil until the mixture will spin a thread when dropped from a spoon, or until it will form a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Pour onto a buttered cookie sheet and cut into cough-drop size pieces.

The California Poppy (*Eschscholzia californica*), the golden flower of the Golden State, contains a watery juice with some of the narcotic effects of its oriental cousin, the opium poppy. Having discovered this quality, the Indians used the fresh root to stop the aching of a hollow tooth; a root extract was employed in a liniment to control headaches. Among the Spanish settlers of California this poppy (which they called *Copa de Oro*, "gold cup," or *Dormidera*, "sleepy one," because the flowers close at night) had a singular reputation. Mixed with olive oil or suet, the petals were alleged to make hair grow. This unlikely pomade was rubbed directly onto the thinning hair with vigor and a great deal of faith.

Another flower, known to the early Spaniards as the *Rosa del Campo*, to us as the Wild Rose, and to science as the *Rosa californica*, is one of nature's most valuable medicines, being filled with vitamin C. During World War II its red seed pods were gathered in Britain and made into a syrup to replace the citrus fruit which had stopped arriving. Rose hips, in fact, contain more vitamin C, calcium, phosphorus and iron than oranges. Wild Roses grow in creekside thickets along the coast and farther inland. The hips are valuable to backpackers because they stay on the bush all winter and so provide good forage when other foods have grown scarce.

Jam can be made of equal parts rose hip puree and apple puree, and the same mixture can be dried into fruit leather. Tea is prepared by pulverizing the hips as needed and adding water. To make your own rose hip syrup, cook the hips, mash them and strain the thick fluid through a sieve. Preserve it by canning in sterilized jars, adding sugar if you wish. Taken during the winter, your homemade medicine will help defend you from colds.

One more locally-found remedy is Yerba Santa (*Eriodictyon species*) whose common name translates as "holy herb" and shows that the plant was baptized by the California mission padres, who had wisely adopted it from the Indians. Found in the flood plains of the Santa Ynez River and along trails, Yerba Santa

is an expectorant, a blood purifier and a tonic useful in treating respiratory ailments; for these purposes the leaves are boiled to make tea. Pounded leaves, bound onto sores, have been used as a poultice.

OTHER PLANTS AND OTHER USES. California naturalist Charles F. Saunders tells of walking along a grassy arroyo bank in the early years of the century with a plant-wise friend. Saunders' curiosity was aroused by a succession of small potholes a few inches deep, and freshly dug.

"What animal," he asked, "has been burrowing here?"

"Probably *Homo sapiens*, variety *mexicanus*," his friend replied, "in quest of soap."

Amole (*Chlorogalum pomeridianum*), Saunders learned, has for centuries been used as a soap substitute. The visible clump of grass-like leaves is attached to a network of brown fibers containing a white bulb which, crushed in water, makes a non-alkaline lather. It is as cleansing as soap and absolutely free. The fibrous sheath can be adapted as a brush, making *Amole* an all-in-one cleaning product.

It was brought to London's Kew Gardens in 1855—but, oddly enough, from China, where thrifty laundrymen coming home from California had carried it for its soap value. *Amole* is a lovely floral curiosity, with a flower stalk that can rise ten feet, bearing small white-and-purple lily-like blooms which open only in the late afternoon (which is what the name *pomeridianum* indicates).

Amole is indeed a stunning plant. The saponaceous juice released from the crushed bulbs has a curious effect upon fish, stupefying them without affecting their value as food. Saunders reports that "some aboriginal genius discovered this long ago and made the knowledge practical, thereby reducing fishing to a lazy man's job. A crude dam of branches would be built across a stream, a quantity of the crushed bulbs tossed in and well stirred . . . By and by the drowsy fishes would float belly up to the surface, to be leisurely brought to basket by the waiting redman. The first white comers into California were not always averse to fishing in that way, too, but this unsportsmanlike practice is now illegal." And with good reason: Given our greatly increased population the method would rapidly empty all our lakes and streams. Besides, the plant is not abundant, and should not be taken out of the ground.

Ceanothus—both the Big Pod (*C. megacarpus*) with white flowers and the

Green Bark (*C. spinosus*) with blue flowers—will also do for soap. Merely rub the blossoms between your wet hands and the flowers will reward you with fragrant, cleansing lather. Juanita Centeno, a Chumash woman living in Lompoc, says there is nothing better for washing her hair.


The *Yucca whipplei*, whose creamy white blossoms can tower a dozen feet into the air, is more lyrically called Our Lord's Candle. It illuminates the dark slopes of Santa Barbara's chaparral country in late spring and early summer and was of several uses to the Chumash. The young flowering stalk was cooked in earth ovens, the bases of the leaves eaten like artichokes. However, as with other yuccas, its fibers were its most valuable part. They provided a strong white string to be woven into cords and, possibly, to be used in soles for sandals. Chumash baskets were woven of *Juncus textilis*, a plant they found in dunes, marshes and other damp places.

An unexpected material employed by the Chumash was the Redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*). The fallen coastal giants drifted onto local islands and beaches, and the hand-hewn planks which they provided built the highly evolved boats called *tomol*.

The stiff twigs of the chaparral Greasewood or Chamise (*Adenostoma fasciculatum*) were fashioned into arrow foreshafts, then either sharpened or bound to a stone point. Then they were inserted into hollow reeds, to which feathers had been attached with a plant glue.

This catalogue of Santa Barbara's plants and their uses hints at the incredible bounty of nature and also reveals the ingenuity of man. For thousands of years he has experimented with plants for almost every conceivable purpose. In return he has received food for his survival, drink for his thirst, tools for his work, and medicine for his good health.

Santa Barbara Magazine gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Clif Smith of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, who followed this article from conception to completion, loaned valuable materials and gave his knowledge generously. (Any mistakes, of course, belong to the author.) Steve Junak of the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden and Jan Timbrook of the Museum of Natural History were also of great help.



Santa Barbara, so rich in Spanish charm, hardly seems a place where a beautiful animal would be destroyed for its fur. Yet even the Mission fathers jumped into the sea otter fur trade, spurred by a greedy sovereign to fill the royal coffers.

In 1786 several missions, including Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura and Santa Ynez, began to outfit Chumash Indians with hunting implements and provisions and send them throughout the Channel in canoes. The Indians earned a few paltry pesos for the skins—but the padres turned them into gold.

Later, Russian hunters, backed by Aleuts, swept through the Channel and left a blood bath as a wake. By 1822 it had become fruitless to hunt sea otters off the Santa Barbara coast. In less than four decades a natural balance which had evolved over tens of thousands of years was knocked ominously awry. But the full impact was yet to come.

The story began about two and a half million years ago when river otters ventured into the icy sea along the Asian coast. Adapting to the cold water, they developed dense fur to trap air for insulation. Thriving on their new diet in the sea, they gradually expanded their

Sea Otters

By Peter C. Howorth

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERNEST H. BROOKS, II
AND PETER HOWORTH



If you love Mexico,
you'll love
Bjornson's!

Discover the grace and charm of Mexico this side of the border. Bjornson's offers quality selections of authentic Mexican fashions, folk art and decorative home accessories.

A whole new world of color and craft awaits you, so please come in and enjoy the experience.

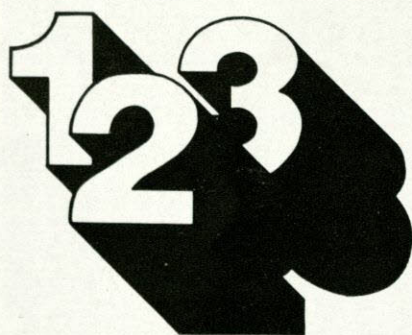
Gift wrapping. Credit cards accepted.

Hours: Mon-Sat 10-5:30, Fri 10-8pm
Fri- Complimentary champagne 5:30-8pm



965-2004
El Presidio, 808 Anacapa Street

**L.M. Caldwell, the
Pharmacist that can be
three places at the same time!**



At L.M. Caldwell, Pharmacist, we like to think of ourselves as an important part of your good health. That is why we keep our shelves stocked with all the newest drugs and medicines and offer prompt, courteous service. But even with our fast service and two helpful locations, there are times when it just isn't convenient to stop by to get

your prescriptions filled. So, whenever you find yourself short of time, just give us a call and we'll deliver.

Your order will be dispensed promptly and accurately from our complete, up-to-date stock and delivered right to your doorstep.

When you are pressed for time, remember L.M. Caldwell, the Pharmacist that can be three places at the same time!

L.M. CALDWELL
PHARMACIST
We really deliver!

1509 State Street, Telephone 965-4528
235 West Pueblo Street, Telephone 965-0543

range to Japan, then north to the Kurile Islands and across the Aleutians to Alaska. Down the North American coast they moved, establishing colonies as far south as Baja California.

When man arrived here during the last several thousand years, his early coastal settlements relied upon the rich intertidal zone for food. But eventually the Indians took to the sea to harvest its greater resources. The Chumash, with their advanced canoes called *tomols*, were clever hunters whose techniques developed from an intimate knowledge of otter behavior. A mother otter will not abandon her pup unless she is herself in grave danger, so the Chumash would first snare a pup on a line that was bristling with hooks. Then they would pay out the line until the pup was some distance from the canoe and when its mother tried to rescue it, would hook her also, drawing both alongside and clubbing them.

The Indians also hunted with harpoons and arrows; yet the odds proved to favor the otters. The animals inhabited remote coves studded with menacing fangs of rock, so pursuing them was a dangerous occupation at best. Proof that otters were not easy to catch can be seen in the use of their pelts among the Indians as symbols of wealth and personal importance.

Europeans and their bullets finally overcame the sea otter's natural cunning. In the 170-year period ending in 1911, otters from Japan to Baja were nearly exterminated. Over a million pelts had been taken, to adorn the shoulders of the wealthy.

Only eleventh-hour legislation kept the sea otter from extinction. In 1911, the United States, Russia, Japan and Great Britain signed the International Fur Treaty, agreeing not to kill otters on the high seas. In 1913, the Aleutians were set aside as a wildlife refuge, and in California, the possession of sea otters or their skins was outlawed.

These actions were, however, a hundred years too late, for in California a complex food web had been profoundly disrupted. The otter—chief natural predator of many shellfish—was nearly extinct. The Indians—major shellfish harvesters—had been swept into another culture which had no taste for mollusks.

Shellfish populations boomed.

Abalones soon cobbled the ocean floor two and three deep, while sea urchins gobbled whole kelp beds. Clams, mussels and crabs spread unchecked.

When California's human population mushroomed in 1849 with the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, many Chinese immigrated as laborers, a few to discover their own bonanzas in abalone. The Chinese gathered them intertidally, tossed them into horse-drawn carts and loaded them on windjammers bound for the Orient. By 1879, Chinese entrepreneurs were exporting four million pounds of abalone a year, more than double today's catch even though the Chinese worked only the tidepools. The abundance of shellfish was an unnatural phenomenon created by man's upsetting the natural balance, and shows the impact of removing primary predators from an intricate food web.

For the Chinese immigrants the turn of the century brought a series of discriminatory measures to keep them from establishing profitable businesses. At about the same time that the Laundry Laws of San Francisco prohibited laundries from operating in one part of the city—which *happened* to be Chinatown—county ordinances were passed all over the state that outlawed commercial abalone gathering from the tidepools to a depth of 20 feet. Since there was no domestic American market, the measures served only to prevent the Chinese from exporting abalone.

Japanese immigrants then took over the business. These hardy fishermen dived beyond the 20-foot limit, using empty *sake* barrels to rest on in the open water. (Later they imported heavy diving gear—copper helmets, rubberized canvas suits, massive weight belts and ponderous boots.)

Meanwhile, an enterprising chef at Monterey's Fisherman's Wharf had come up with a "new" item for his menu: abalone. In 1913, he prepared it at the World's Fair; by 1933 the dish had become popular gourmet fare in California. So, Americans tried to shoulder their way into the abalone industry—but with little luck, for the Japanese were closed-mouthed about their unique trade.

The Japanese divers had another
(continued on page 66)

KEVIN JOYCE FOR SMASHING WINDOWS.

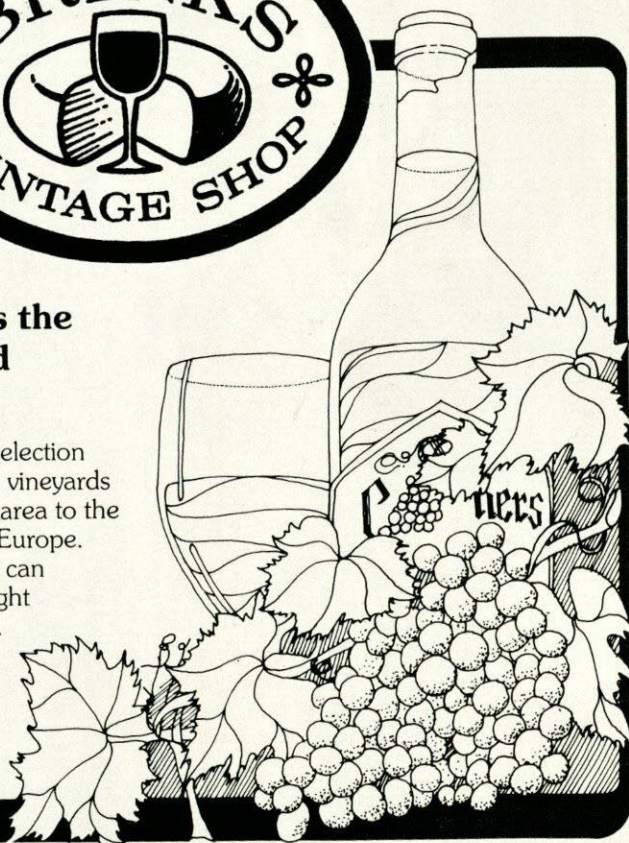
KEVIN JOYCE DRAPERIES
Call 963-0831 today for a free home estimate.




Local wines. California wines. Wines from across the Nation and around the World.

At Brinks, our extensive selection includes the top wines from vineyards and wineries from our own area to the famous growing regions of Europe. Our experienced personnel can assist you in selecting the right wine for your table or cellar.

Brinks Vintage Shop
3849 State Street
La Cumbre Plaza
687-3388







PSYCHIC AND SPIRITUAL ENERGY IN SANTA BARBARA **THE LAND OF THE LOTUS** BY SUKEY HUGHES

ALTHOUGH "PSYCHIC" is not yet a heading in the Santa Barbara yellow pages, one feels that it is only a matter of time.

Every type of psycho-spiritual system exists here that you could imagine, and some you couldn't. There are acupuncturists, (w)holistic healers, Theosophists, psychics, palm readers, Zen Buddhists, Tibetan Buddhists (two schools), astrologers, dowzers and geomancers, spiritualists, psychometrists, hypnotists, martial arts disciples, aura healers, pyramidologists, polarity trainers, chiropractors, crystallographers, clairvoyants, witches, Quakers, Scientologists, several churches of mental science, parapsychologists, yoga teachers, yogis, bio-feedback specialists, Atlantis and Stonehenge study groups, psychic healers, Reichians, Neo-Reichians, Assagiolan psycho-synthesists—to name a few. There is at least one doctor in a respected medical clinic who secretly casts horoscopes for his patients before seeing them.

For Santa Barbara to be so well-seeded with spiritual life, the ground must be fertile, because the growth is rampant. Some of the more exotic groups are foreign transplants; others are natives; but all are more or less "New Age." New Age describes a broad range of activities and organizations that work toward developing, at the least, personal growth; at the highest, a new "universal person" who is physically, emotionally, mentally and spiritually "whole." As the New Age garden grows strong in Santa Barbara, one begins to wonder: Why here? What has brought together at this spot such variety and abundance of psychic and healing energies? Has this city some special force, some charismatic quality of light and air that attracts and nurtures such groups?

ILLUSTRATION BY KARIN NEUMANN

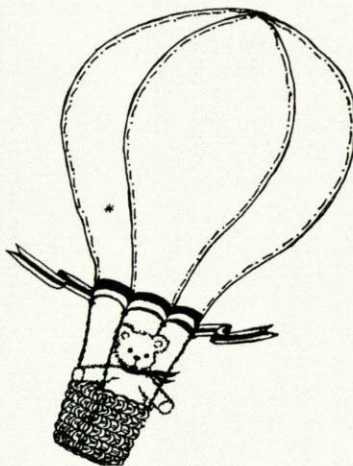
Enchanting Toys from Around the World. Beautiful Dolls, Kathe Kruse, Schildkrot, Kiss, etc.. Specialty: Exquisite Music Boxes and Wood Carvings, including Pyramids, Nutcrackers, Smokemen and Tree Decorations.

Complete line of Steiff, Brio, Kouvalias, and many more.

We mail and gift wrap.

El Paseo Toys

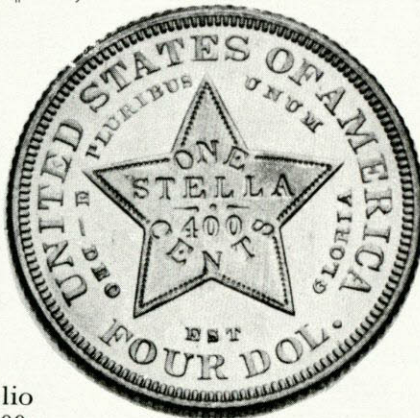
In the Center Courtyard
(805) 962-2381



Ronald J. Gillio Inc., Santa Barbara's most experienced numismatist and rare coin dealer. Specializing in numismatic rare coin, investment portfolios \$200. to \$300,000.



1879 \$4 gold piece sold recently by Ronald J. Gillio Inc. for \$80,000.



(ENLARGED)

Appraisals made for banks, individuals, estates, attorneys . . . member Appraisers Association of America.

RONALD J. GILLIO, INC.



1103 State Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(805) 963-1345



PSYCHIC ENERGIES and spiritual yearnings are nothing new to this area. The Barbareno

Chumash here once moved in a world of dynamic power in which man's acquired powers played an important role. To the Chumash, all sentient beings were interrelated and each affected the course of cosmic events. "Moon, stars, sun, plants and certain rocks were seen as having will, emotions, reasoning powers and even psychic abilities," Dr. Travis Hudson, Curator of Anthropology at the Museum of Natural History, told me.

Innate and acquired magical powers were essential to Chumash life. Legends describe shamans influencing the flow of natural forces by bending trees, controlling weather, curing the sick, traveling by the power of echoes alone, and occasionally even reviving the dead. Although not well known, Chumash shrines once existed in Oak Park, Sycamore Canyon, Goleta, Santa Ynez and possibly on the Channel Islands. It is New Age legend that the Indians held Cathedral Peak sacred, having high vibratory energies that drew people here, nourishing their spirits and "fueling them up." This was a place of transformation. I asked the anthropologist about this underground rumor.

"I don't know about that," he cautioned, "but it is true that mountain peaks were considered points of concentrated power. Mt. Pinos and Frazier Mountain were especially sacred. Standing upon them the Chumash felt cosmic time and space give way to secular time and space, they tell us. It was there that those with supernatural powers made contact with the cosmos. And the plain that falls between these mountains, narratives say, is the most sacred in Chumash country—a feared place where water flows uphill, where the earth quakes and the valley rings with disturbing sounds of bullroarers, strange voices and musical instruments in the galing winds. The Chumash continued practicing cosmological ritual until the 1800s, though its bite was muzzled by the Padres and their religious dogmatism.

OCCULT INTERESTS broke the surface of Santa Barbara life again after the turn of the century. The Spiritualist boom hit the Summerland area then, peaked in the '20s, then began to suffer the notoriety chicanery brought to it.

Krishnamurti and the Theosophists brought attention to this area and to Ojai when they set up camp near Meiner's Oaks in 1922. The Theosophical Society was founded in this country in 1875 by Colonel Henry

Olcott, a Civil War veteran and Madame Blavatsky, a charismatic Russian occultist. Theosophists believe in evolution through repeated incarnations until the soul reaches perfection. The Society's early purpose was to prepare mankind for the coming of the "World Teacher"—Christ incarnated—who was to appear on earth again, acting as a channel for messages from the spiritual hierarchy to mankind. The young Indian Krishnamurti, the Theosophists decided, was this vehicle. Serving for twenty years as their prodigy, Krishnamurti eventually split ranks with the Theosophists in 1929. The Theosophists still exert a strong spiritual influence, especially in California, from their 118-acre Ojai estate housing a library/lecture hall and the Krotona School of Theosophy.

Krishnamurti has nonetheless seemed to fulfill expectations of being a great teacher. Now a lone figure in his eighties who lectures world-wide, Krishnamurti rejects all doctrine, using mind-fracturing reasoning to shake his listener's thinking apart at its roots and to transform the spirit in one electric instant. Astrologer Mildred Ridenour, an observer of Krishnamurti and the Santa Barbara spiritual and occult scene for thirty-five years, says, "Just being in his presence does something to you. You're physically renewed. When he gives you an interview, watch—he'll show you in one door, then later show you out another. He's approachable, yes. But it's hard to find him! He's invisible."

Large-eyed, sixtyish Mildred Ridenour, a teacher of astrology, Tarot and numerology, heads the Tri-Counties Astrological Association, which attracts many respected astrologers here to lecture. She meets most of the seekers and teachers who come to town. "The years from 1970 through 1977 were characterized by a rush of spiritual rip-off artists," she says, "who lived off the spiritual and physical fat of the land. True spirituality was dormant." Recently, however, Mildred has felt Santa Barbara coming into her own, attracting highly attuned, integrated and sensitive people who want to grow and give.

ONE SUCH SINCERE GIVER I found hidden in the rural respectability of Montecito.

"To me, so-called death is a great adventure," said the Reverend George Daisley. British-born Daisley was the "sensitive" consulted—with reportedly astounding results—by author Taylor Caldwell, who has delved into her past lives, the alleged source of many of her historical novels; and by Bishop James Pike after the suicide of his son, Jim. In

his book, *The Other Side*, Pike wrote that during his sittings with Daisley the personality of his son came across clearly and expressed private information which convinced the skeptical Pike that he was indeed communicating with his deceased son.

Tall, tanned and pleasant-featured, George Daisley struck me as the pastoral shepherd; he certainly seemed more minister than psychic.

Daisley's gifts have been described as "exceptional" by psychic investigators and writers such as Hans Holzer, Jess Stearn and Edgar Cayce's son, Hugh, as well as others who have followed his 47-year career as a "mental medium."

"I work either in a conscious state in which I contact spirit personalities from the unseen world, seeing them (clairvoyance) or hearing them (clairaudience)," Daisley explained, "or I go into trance, becoming a channel for the voices and gestures of such a personality. In that state I'm completely unconscious of what is happening." In one well-documented demonstration in Los Angeles he wrote in "mirror writing" (backward) what scholars later deciphered to be a bona fide message in an archaic Chinese script.

What actually happens I asked, when a person becomes a channel?

"Along with the physical body," the Reverend Daisley explained, "we all have what we call the spirit, or etheric body. It's our auric force, like a field of magnetism that surrounds each of us, and as different from one to the next as fingerprints. It vibrates at a higher frequency than the physical body." Evidently, being a channel meant living for a time a kind of double consciousness.

"What I'm doing is deeply religious work," he stated with conviction. "It's what the church should be doing, but isn't. I'm open to those who are bereaved or who are real seekers. I think this is what mediumship is in its purest form—much like that performed by the Biblical prophets.

Spirits tell us that the purpose of life is to grow and develop," he said. "We all have guides in the unseen world, although they may not manifest for a time." (Daisley's personal guides in the spirit world are Joey Grimaldi, a famous nineteenth-century British clown; Sandy, a Scotsman; and White Feather, an American Indian.) "Making contact with a guide helps convince people of a continuing life. That gives them hope and helps them know why it is important to live with integrity, giving what we can. My work is what I derive in the love of people." He paused. "I'm the channel, but not the gift."

SAT in the lap of the tree and closed my eyes. My hands rested against its rough gray bark. I meditated. Soon a hundred ants crawled over me, tickling my skin. Does the tree get tickled too, I wondered? I focused on the image of the tree, as I had been instructed—the jungle of green foliage, the strange sweep of its branches, the galls covering its limbs like tumors, the birds and insects humming in its hair. I "told" the tree my problem. If I were the tree, how would I solve it? I sank into its form, merging my essence with its essence. I would become the tree. Time passed. Nothing. Just the deep presence of the tree, which was eternity. Then... "Every manifestation of nature is its own form, complete in itself," said an inner voice. "The truth is for each to find our own nature. Then we can relate to other forms with integrity." Had the tree given me a message?

About a decade ago a small community sprouted up in northern Scotland at a place called Findhorn. Having nothing but "ourselves, our positive thoughts and faith in God's unlimited abundance," they wrote, they created an extraordinary garden where roses blossomed in the snow and 40-pound cabbages grew out of the frozen sand. As they tended their garden, with love and guidance from angelic nature beings called "devas" and "elementals," with whom they communed, the true purpose of the community emerged: the creative cooperation of man with nature through the inner spirit of things. As a result, people were transformed in energy and consciousness.

The Lorian Association was born when several key people from Findhorn gathered in California to form a "groupless group" which would work to amplify and spread Findhorn consciousness throughout North America. One such group has grown here.

Gail Fleming is the coordinator for the area. "I am spokesperson for neither Findhorn nor Lorian, but rather for the ideas they profess," she cautioned me. Intelligent, warm, reserved, Gail fit the mother-figure image so appropriate for this earth-nurturing group. Seeming to operate from an unseen center, she moved quietly and circumspectly, as though taking care not to disturb some sensitive form of life.

What are devas, I asked, and what are elementals? Are they really like storybook elves and fairies? Do they speak to you?

Gail grew thoughtful, as if struggling to put carefully into words a concept that she knew appeared incredible. "Devas are the 'souls' of

things," she answered. "To contact the essential inner life of a tree is to contact its deva. At Findhorn they say devas are the architects who design the blueprints of nature, and co-create with man. Elementals may be seen in turn as the builders, putting the designs into actual form. Some people perceive them as beings. At their essence they are energy and light—light-forms doing their work. But the form is not important. It's not important to see them or not see them. Some, such as I, receive communications from them in meditation. Others just sense their presence."

The local "groupless group" is involved in educational and community activities, gathering for potlucks in parks, evenings of exchanged storytelling, astrology workshops, communions with nature and other events aimed at cooperation, opening to one's wholeness and to contact with nature. Being a gardener is not a requirement for being Lorian, they say—for whether you tend a garden or not, "you are the gardener of your own being, the seed of your own destiny."

GOD SPEAKS TO US in symbology," said the man some consider to be Santa Barbara's most radiant native. The tall old gentleman leaned down to a bush growing in front of his canyon house. As he plucked a small rose-colored blossom his face lit up. "Do you see the five overlapping petals of this rock rose? They are the unfolding soul. On each petal a dark heart-shaped spot symbolizes the love in us. And the bursting yellow center is like the sun, to which we return. And the white pistil in the center of it all stands for purity."

Lynn Vivian has chosen to live high up a long drive where the town map suddenly quits. His house is a crazy-quilt of stone and adobe set on two acres of mountain hogback, tucked into a beautiful canyon where hawks circle in the sky. At 85, this former successful land developer has an articulate intelligence, refined manners and a decided charm that gave much grace to his age.

Every day, Vivian and his gardener-caretaker, Selwyn Robinson, work together in the orchard and herb garden—a very special garden, they feel, which is the home of potent forms from the devic and elemental kingdoms.

Vivian's teaching is a pepper-pot collection culled from various occult and esoteric schools including the Theosophists and the Rosicrucians. In recent years, the consciousness of Findhorn has pervaded his garden-chapel. "Some whose souls are beginning to awaken within them are looking for a teacher," he said. "Sometimes they come



to me. I'm glad to help."

"The devas are here to help us, you see, especially if one is aware of them and makes obeisance to them. But don't call on them" warned the old gardener, "because they're at an evolution that's ahead of ours. The more we can lift ourselves into higher consciousness the more we are apt to see them."

By now the sun was breaking out from its shroud of morning fog in the canyon. "We began as sparks from the body of God," said Vivian, seeming to fall back into the recesses of another consciousness. "Early in the morning Selwyn and I stand in the garden and raise our palms to the rising sun. We say this oldest prayer in the world: 'Oh, Thou who givest sustenance to the universe, from whom all things proceed and to whom all things return, unveil to us the face of the true spiritual sun.'"

I left the gentle and radiant Lynn Vivian, walking down through the garden.

WHY DOES SANTA BARBARA have so many spiritually-oriented groups and resident gurus? Some say it is because we have the money and the leisure to indulge them. Others hold that this is such an abundantly beautiful place that it attracts sensitive types who need to live in an area of so much beauty, ease and apparent harmony. But that isn't reason enough, I felt. Is there indeed a special energy here?

Some astrologers in Santa Barbara

point to a horoscope erected for the town's "birth" as one explanation for the presence of such lively and varied psychic energies. The "corporate horoscope" generally accepted for this town is based mainly on its incorporation date, March 10, 1874. Wanting some expert corroboration of what the chart signifies, I approached Starlight Books.

Sometimes referred to as the "Starlight Connection," this little store on Victoria Street specializes in the literature of the astrological, occult and natural healing arts, acting as a hub of local New Age activities. Until recent months they published "The Starlight Aeon," a little gem of a newsletter about local psychic underground events, its humor whetted with the often ascerbic wit of Starlight co-owner Mike Mortensen. (It is said that Mike also instigated the "Original Psychic Amateur Hour," a casual show-and-tell for psychics.) Starlight continues to sponsor classes in astrology, Tarot and palmistry with Michelle Scarpelli, white magic, yoga and the like.

Former owner Meade Roberts now manages the shop. A professional astrologer, Meade was generous in sharing interpretations of the town chart.

"Santa Barbara is a Pisces town, and Pisces is the least worldly of all the signs," he began. "It's a little island, really, a fantasy place not totally related to the rest of the world. Pisces is also the sign of the psychic, the spiritually-minded. There's even a place called Lotusland, you know—and that's what Santa Barbara is." (I recalled hearing about the fabulous estate-turned-ashram



in Montecito, belonging to Madame Ganna Walska, the millionairess opera singer.)

Meade surveyed the astrological map appraisingly. "With her Aquarius ascendant, Santa Barbara is very much a New Age community, for Aquarius is New Age. There is a stimulating, awakening force here, that has a scientific bent as well as an interest in the occult and the unusual. But the planets show she also has an extremely conservative streak. That may temper the rashness—but it also slows down the progress."

He looked thoughtfully at the placement of the moon, the mother. "In Sagittarius she wants to nurture philosophy, even cosmic consciousness. She's in the 'business' of spirituality. Since the zenith of the chart is in Scorpio, there's a fascination with the mysterious, the charismatic—a fascination which usually succeeds in drawing to itself people with magnetic energies."

WHITE-HAIRED Bill Cox beamed smiles as he bounded across the room. Pyramid shapes sat quietly vibrating on his mantelpiece, in corners, between books, over the stereo. His whole house buzzed with a curious electric energy.

"I delve into the higher octaves of energy," Cox told me. "Tests with organic matter prove that any plant cut from its root system will mummify and stay preserved for some time under a pyramid. A whole plant will thrive there. For the last five years I've slept under a pyramid. Not only have my dreams increased, but I've needed less sleep."

As well as a pyramid energy expert, Bill Cox is a dowser. Dowsing is the ancient art of locating underground water, metals, fault lines and oil by vibrational changes felt while holding a "divining rod." The rod Cox prefers was developed by the late, famed dowser Verne L. Cameron, Cox's teacher. "The Cameron Aurameter, copper- or nickel-plated, is well-equipped," Cox explained. "The pendulum can be used over maps to find missing persons or objects, while the weighing device measures distances and the compass indicates directions." Cox has dowsed for water in three California counties, in Mexico, England and Canada. In Toronto he appeared on TV successfully dowsing from a map the location of a roving announcer.

Occasionally, dowsers discover unusual energy fields, called dowsing zones, which appear to occur where underground rivers or fault lines converge. At these points, the theory goes, a spiral of potent energy forms, making a contact between ascending earth forces

and descending heaven forces. It is well-known that insect and plant life often thrive in such zones—whereas man becomes ill. So-called “ley lines” are imaginary extensions of a series of these power points—and for some mysterious reason, ancient sites of sanctity as well as modern churches very often fall along them. Although man cannot survive within the power zones themselves, it appears that he blossoms spiritually along their extensions.

THE ENERGIES felt by these sensitives are often hardly noticeable in this town of indolent beauty, charm, and secluded grace. But turning our focus on all that quietly stirs and grows in the spiritual underground, we see that we may be dancing on the edge of psychic volcano. There is more than can possibly be mentioned here, and of a nature hardly dreamed of by townspeople in this peaceful pocket along the coast.

Fourteen years ago Frank and Mabel Dorland, a San Francisco art restoration/research team, received for examination a highly unusual relic already considered by some to be one of the most important archeological discoveries of the age. It was a crystal skull. Found in British Honduras, the

life-sized Crystal Skull is estimated to be at least 12,000 years old.

“The ancients believed that quartz was frozen holy water spilled from heaven,” Dr. Dorland told me. “Those who designed the skull wanted evidently to symbolize the head of God, or universal intelligence.

“Quartz crystal is responsible for much of our great technology,” he continued, “computers, telephone communications systems, even the moon shot. Just as quartz crystal cells of computers contain millions of bits of information, the Crystal Skull contains 12,000 years of historical input—which has never been ‘erased.’ People laugh at the crystal balls through which Gypsies and psychics claim to see the future. And well they should, because they are made of glass. But the ‘crystal balls’ used by the ancients were electronic quartz crystal, which grows in the ground and can actually generate electricity.” I asked how this happens.

“Crystal oscillates on its own natural frequency until you touch it; then it begins feeding on the electricity that surrounds your living cells. It vibrates with you sympathetically, so to speak. Crystal can be a tool between you and your subconscious and super-conscious minds, acting as an amplifier for your

psychic receptors.” (I remembered that the Chumash used white quartz crystals to create summer thunder.)

While the Dorlands had the skull in San Francisco, many picked up strong impressions from it—presumably concerning the ancient cultures it “lived” through. Others—especially reporters, it seemed to Dr. Dorland—experienced nothing.

In the six years they possessed the Crystal Skull, the Dorlands’ lives changed drastically. Under the Skull’s “instructions,” they sold their art restoration business, moved to Santa Barbara, and now make a life studying and cutting crystals.

SHE COULD BE the child-like girl-next-door who smokes pot and plays the Rolling Stones a trifle too loud, or the hippy in your favorite tea shop, testing the herbs, for this is what she is. She is also a witch.

“Don’t use the word ‘witch’ too much,” she advised me. “We’re followers of Wicca—that meant ‘Wise One’ in Druidic Old English. We are the keepers of ancient wisdom and the forces of Nature. We work with Nature, and she protects us.

“I grew up a Roman Catholic,” she said, “and that gave me a love for



a very special children's shop

CLOTHES AND TOYS
Infant to Pre-teen



You don't have to be a kid to love us!

Sandcastle Construction Company
11 W. Victoria Street Santa Barbara 966-3666

ritual. We all need ritual and a feeling of closeness to the earth, to others and to animals. Witchcraft is a religion of paganism. We contact some primitive part of ourselves which the rational mind can't fathom and so can't accept."

I asked if she practiced white or black magic. The big question. "It's not a question of black or white—there's just the Power. You can use it for good or evil. As to Satanism—well, Satan's other name is Lucifer. My personal angel is Michael—and he was the slayer of Lucifer."

It was a New Moon that night. She began preparing an altar on which she would petition the moon for qualities of patience, for nurture—and for more business.

Like a sorcerer of old, a witch uses tools, relics, ritual, spells and incantations to "prop up" his magical abilities and faith in the power of magic. "It matters how something is done, and when and where. Objects of nature, including parts of the human body such as hair, fingernails, and blood, have anciently been known to have powerful properties. But perhaps intention is the strongest power of all."

Slowly she rubbed a candle (blue to symbolize the moon) with perfumed oil. Then she lit it, placed it on her altar—

a black tray marked with a large triangle—and rubbed the rest of the oil on her neck. "This makes a further connection with our essences," she explained.

She drew a small wooden chest out from under a shelf and rummaged through its contents as casually as a chef looking for the proper spatula. She turned over a compass (for drawing magical pentagrams for spells), packets of herbs, colored wax, amulets on chains, feathers, rocks, and, its handle painted in strange glyphs, a dagger. . . . Then finding the prop—a piece of parchment—she inscribed something secret on it, and threw it into a brazier with fire. She put the ashes in her pouch. Stepping before the altar she gracefully turned around, pointing with her finger to make an imaginary 360-degree circle. "Michael, Gabriel, Ariel, and Raphael, protect me and hear my petition. . . ."

DON'T LIKE to call myself a healer," said the petite and striking blond of middle years. A cloak of sunlight seemed to trail behind her as she preceded me down the hall. "I think people heal themselves. I just get into a place that helps them help themselves."

Jackie Taylor, psychic healer and

masseuse, works out of her Mission Canyon home. By going into a light trance, she says, she is able to pick up essential information telepathically about a person's emotional, physical and spiritual "obstructions."

She ushered me into her consultation room, a casual, comfortable room with shades, plush carpeting for sitting and soft, roomy couches for lounging. "I think anyone can do what I do," she said. What she *does* is sit talking with a person until he feels comfortable with her, and then go into a meditative state until she feels in tune with some inner portion of the person's psyche or with his "subtle bodies," which surround and interpenetrate the physical one. Eyes still closed, she feeds back in positive terms what she sees and why she thinks it's there. "They know it all anyway," she said. "But somehow it's different and more potent coming from someone else."

For what Jackie does, she needs a person's full cooperation. "I can only see what people allow me to see. Sometimes I ask them to imagine their aura all around them, and would they 'unzip' it gradually for me. I only see and talk of things that are for a person's higher good. I can only tell them what they need to hear."

Jackie did a "scan" on me—and to
(continued on page 68)



From furniture and accessories to distinctive tableware . . . let Danica House show you a whole new and beautiful way of life.

Danica House
SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE AND ACCESSORIES

100 W. Micheltorena, Santa Barbara
Denmark Square, Solvang



DAVID LANCE GOINES

at his most elegant

Hand-signed
lithographs—Editions
limited to 300
Unique, beautiful to
live with—

Great investments
only at

THE POSTER

817 Anacapa
Santa Barbara, CA
93101

(continued from page 19)

my amazement picked up physical and emotional "ailments" that were indeed concerning me. Some things I'd even forgotten concern with, she knew were still hanging on. And images of past lives! "If I get such past life flashes," Jackie explained, "they invariably relate to a problem the person is having in the present."

I wondered if the work tended to drain her?

"Not at all," she said. "In fact it energizes me. I concentrate on reaching the essence that is common to everyone, the higher self, and that's a beautiful place to reach. People themselves are beautiful. I never want anyone dependent on me in order for them to feel good. Everyone has the power to make themselves well and lead a life of fullest potential."

QUIETLY BUT SURELY, Santa Barbara is gaining a reputation as a "psychic hot spot." Many people believe, as Bill Cox does, that there is a special galvanic energy here which literally draws psychically-attuned people and groups, a vortex of magnetism that pulls them in a way they are at a loss to explain. Santa Barbara, they say, is not merely a *conductor* of energy—she is a vital center, *generating* it.

"The inner aspects of nature are active and available to be contacted by humans here," Gail Fleming had told me. "A group of us who meet for meditation with nature have always had a feeling of connection to Santa Barbara's energy. We believe there is a deva of Santa Barbara which is a composite of the essences of everyone who lives here. As a group we're trying to tune in on its energy. We don't know what form it will take. But something here wants to be born."

Perhaps, as the Tibetan Buddhists here say, one needs the connection with a teacher or group to sustain one in practice and to combat the human failings that often plague those on the spiritual path. One is that most insidious of vanities, the glamour of spirituality—for there is a heady excitement and pride that comes when we feel we are growing spiritually, and very quickly at that. Another pitfall is described by psychologist and Tibetan Buddhist John Welwood, who says "Santa Barbara is a kind of artesian well where people come to get healed and end up getting hooked on the healing process itself." Santa Barbara is as prone as any other place to the "spiritual materialism" which Tibetan teacher Trungpa Rinpoche and his followers warn against: the aggressive

MISSION CITY AUTO LEASING

SANTA BARBARA'S NEWEST
220 STATE STREET PHONE: 963-0655

pursuit and collecting of growth systems and techniques which are but the external form of inner growth rather than the growth itself. Astrologer Alexis Lauren, looking at the town horoscope, put his finger on a third possible foible to which groups in this town seem particularly prone: an exaggerated caution about how they appear to the world, a caution which makes them apt to build walls around themselves. Such separative attitudes, however, are hardly appropriate for a consciousness that would herald a New Age.

The New Age groups seem to want to remind us of the inter-relatedness of all beings and all phenomena, suggesting that we are linked with special dynamic energies and rhythms we cannot see but which some nevertheless sense. Barbareno Chumash moved in a world where wind was "the breath of the earth," dawn "the sigh of the sun," and rainbows "the shadows of wind, rain and fire," auras of color in the sky. Just as Lorian would point out our intimate relation to the kingdoms of nature, astrologers would show us our interconnectedness with the starry cosmos, and geomancers our link with the potent energy radiating from the body of the earth. The groups who work among us are revealing a new vision of mankind—one in which each individual creates the environment most conducive to his own growth, until he manifests the full potential of the man seed.

The author gratefully acknowledges Jody Williams, Alamar Fernandez, Rowena Pattee, Annie Eichenberg and all those mentioned in the article for their help in its preparation.

Sukey Hughes, an astrologer, lived for four years in Japan where she became an expert on traditional papermaking. Her definitive book, *The World of Japanese Paper*, will be published this year. She collects folk toys, has taught Japanese stencil-resist print-making, and has studied TM, Zen and the occult. Karin Neumann is a Santa Barbara painter who has had many shows in the galleries and museums of this country and Europe. Maniacal fans of Santa Barbara Magazine will recognize in her collage a number of elements from past issues: the hills of "Hollister Ranch," the waterspout from "Riders on the Storm," the Chumash canoe which made the "Voyage of the Helek."



HOROLOGICAL RESTORATION SERVICES

QUALITY ANTIQUE CLOCKS

1661 MISSION DRIVE
SOLVANG, CA 93463
PHONE 805-688-4774



Alamar
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths

1129 State St. Santa Barbara, CA 93101
Telephone: (805) 965-4333

Santa Barbara's Favorite Jewelers

CHINATOWN

GREEN TEA AND GUNPOWDER

BY WALKER A. TOMPKINS

Photography by Bill Dewey

Design by John Alexander



Santa Barbara's historic Chinese quarter was once referred to by an ungracious visitor as "an unhealed knife wound festering across the fair face of the Channel City." But this canard was the opinion of an arrogant member of the upper class who had long been exploiting the fruits of cheap Oriental labor.

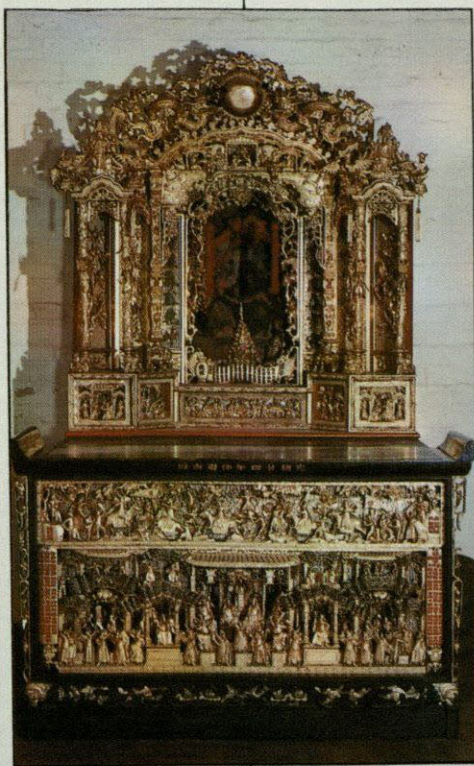
Geographically, our "Chinatown" was not extensive; it bracketed the first block and a half of East Canon Perdido Street, comprising a scatteration of disreputable opium dens, brothels and crumbling adobes dating from the Presidio of 1782. They were clotted around a two-story joss house, or temple, which squatted alongside Jose Lobero's adobe opera house like a mother hen protecting her

brood, a few of which, in the form of Chinese laundries, strayed over to the 800 and 900 blocks of State. Southern California's

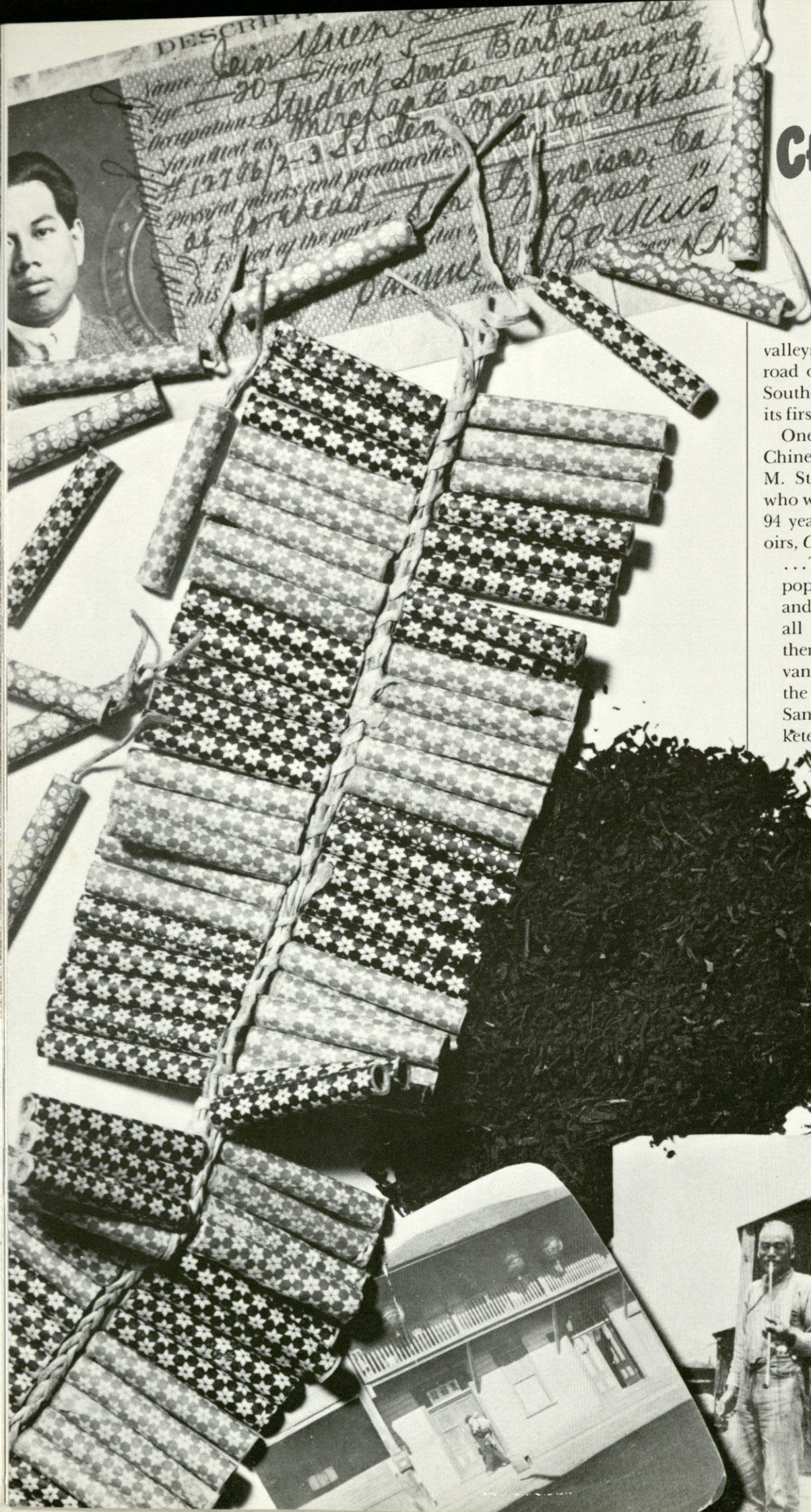
most powerful advocate of cheap Chinese labor was Santa Barbara's own Colonel W.W. Hollister. In the 1860s he imported cone-hatted coolies from Canton to till the fertile acres of his Goleta Valley estate, Glen Annie, and to serve as bus boys, chefs and waiters for the Hollister-owned Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara's largest and most prestigious caravansary.

In 1868 it was gangs of pigtailed Celestials, working out of what is still called China Camp near the Paradise Store, who hewed out the Santa Ynez Turnpike Road which stagecoaches

traveled for over forty years between the South Coast and interior



CHINATOWN



valleys. Chinese labor also built the rail-
road out from Saugus Junction on the
Southern Pacific to bring Santa Barbara
its first Iron Horse in 1887.

One man who remembered these early
Chinese immigrants was the late Thomas
M. Storke, founder of the *News-Press*,
who was born in 1876 and spent his entire
94 years in Santa Barbara. In his mem-
oirs, *California Editor*, he commented:

...Ten per cent of Santa Barbara's
population through the 1870s, 1880s
and 1890s were Chinese. Practically
all our laundry work was done by
them, and most of the household ser-
vants were Orientals...Almost all
the garden vegetables consumed in
Santa Barbara were grown and mar-
keted by Chinese...The most suita-

HAYWARD & MUZZALL'S
Views of Santa Barbara and Vicinity.

ble place for the early Chinese in Santa Barbara's social structure, however, was servants, because they were reliable, honest and loyal.

Storke might well have added a fourth, and more important accolade: Chinese worked for infinitesimal pay, a factor which made a profound impact on the local economy for two generations. Most of Santa Barbara's upper class families, and many of the middle class, had one or more Chinese servants living in.

For \$25 a month and board, these servants would do the family cooking, laundry and housework; milk the family cow and groom the family horse; polish and grease the family buggy; tend to the gardening and lawn mowing; be available at all hours seven days a week for babysitting chores; and ask only one day's vacation per year—Chinese New Year, which came in February.

Elsewhere in California the Chinese were the maligned victims of racial discrimination. The Hearst press warned of the "Yellow Peril," alarming the whites. In Santa Barbara, though, the 300-plus Chinese residents were generally respected for their decorum and good character. As Storke reported in his autobiography:

...I am pleased to state that I never knew an early-day Chinese who was guilty of a dishonest act. Without ex-

ception a Chinaman [this ethnic term is now in disrepute] was courteous to women, kind to children, and in his inscrutable way, venerated the elderly. Honesty was a religion with the 19th Century Chinese. They had an inviolable rule: that all debts must be settled in full by their New Year's Day, otherwise they would be damned to perdition in the afterlife.

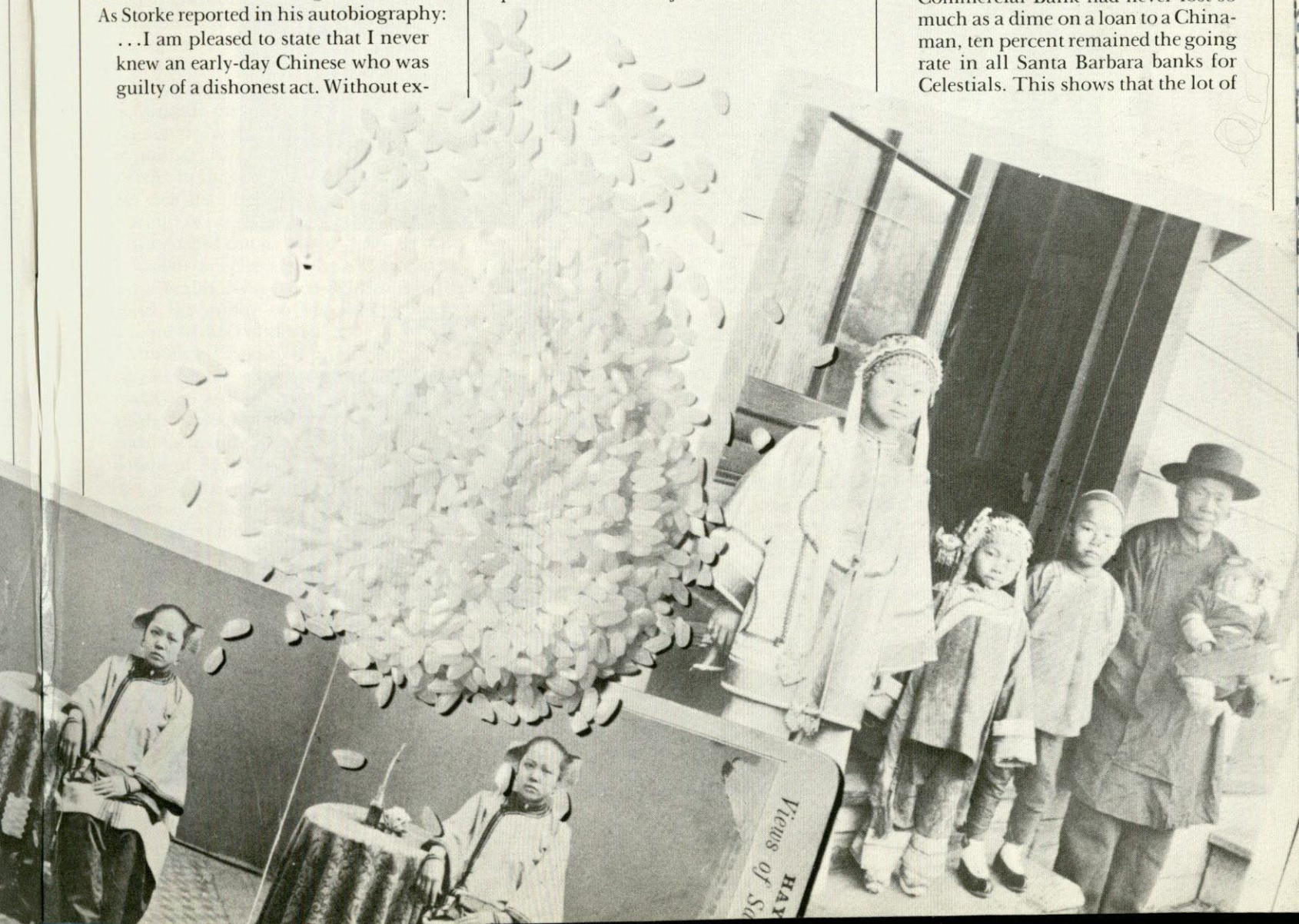
The Storke family retainer, Chung Lee, got so over-extended with debt because of his improvident gambling habits that one year he found it impossible to meet his obligations by the New Year's Day deadline. Chung took — by his lights—the only honorable way out of his predicament. He committed suicide.

A passion for games of chance was, however, a part of the character of the Chinese emigrant to California. In Santa Barbara, the joss house at 25 East Canon Perdido Street was the focus of Chinese gambling activity. A landmark for half a century, the joss house had tong-controlled gambling rooms on its balconied upper floor, while the ground floor was a Chinese Masonic Temple. Several lottery companies also operated out of the joss house. It was an

everyday routine for pigtailed vendors to peddle their red and black lottery tickets along State Street. A ten-cent ticket might win anywhere from two to fifty dollars for the lucky owner. When reformers made lotteries illegal in the '90s, they simply went underground. Some of the winning tickets brought as much as \$50,000, thereby attracting more white patrons than yellow.

Despite this, the Oriental's predilection for games of chance gave him an undeserved reputation as a "bad risk" in the eyes of local bankers. A prime example of the gross discrimination against reputable Chinese businessmen in Santa Barbara was documented by editor Edward Selden Spaulding in his Historical Society quarterly magazine, *Noticias*:

My good friend John Edwards, son of the president of the old Commercial Bank, told me that the going rate of interest on loans to Chinese was ten percent. When I protested that this was a gross injustice to the members of a race that was governed by the strictest standards of honesty, he admitted this was true. Many white men of good credit could borrow money at four and five percent. Nevertheless, and even though the Commercial Bank had never lost so much as a dime on a loan to a Chinaman, ten percent remained the going rate in all Santa Barbara banks for Celestials. This shows that the lot of





“This summer, travel on the Imperial plan.”

An Imperial Vacation Club Savings plan lets you travel first class . . . before you leave home! You just make small regular deposits. Our interest for you grows daily so you will have plenty of cash when you need it.

And we don't stop there. We'll add free travelers checks and a safe deposit box to keep valuables in while you're out of town.

Imperial's nearly \$3 billion strong now. With 90 plus offices all over California. So whether your idea of the good life is a trip to Catalina or a world cruise, make Imperial the first stop. And, next trip, travel on the Imperial Plan.



For the good life.

A wholly owned subsidiary of \$4 billion Imperial Corporation of America.
Member FSLIC

the alien in this country has never been an equal or an easy one.



The Chinese truck gardens which kept the tables of Santa Barbara supplied with fresh fruits, berries and vegetables were located in the marshy lowlands fed by the year-round flow of Sycamore Creek, the eastside district which today is bisected by Milpas Street. Exotic Chinese peddlers hawked their produce door to door through Santa Barbara's residential side streets. Their charges were based on a nickel. For five cents you could purchase a huge head of lettuce or cabbage; two pounds of fresh carrots; five pounds of potatoes.

Chinese dairymen were less numerous, but they also operated on minuscule profit margins. One Yankee farmer, seeking to compete with the absurdly low prices of the Chinese, got the bright idea of diluting his milk with water, until his product became more aqueous than lacteal. Wags of his own race ended this particular practice, however, by awakening the offender in the middle of the night to tell him that his "best producing cow was choking to death on a turnip." The farmer rushed out to his cowbarn to find all his bovines chewing their cuds in the best of health. Next morning, though, he found the spout of his water pump plugged with a fat turnip.

Although Chinese-run dairies offered cut rates, they offset this advantage by practicing such dubious sanitary methods that Santa Barbarans eventually boycotted them out of the dairy business. Violation of American hygienic standards also plagued the ubiquitous Chinese laundries which proliferated on State, Canon Perdido and Anacapa Streets. Laundrymen always did their ironing at the street windows in view of passersby. To sprinkle a garment he was ironing, the Chinese would fill his cheeks with water from a bowl on the ironing table, and spew it over the cloth in a fine mist, followed by the application of a cumbersome sadiron kept heated by a charcoal brazier.

Germ-conscious American housewives protested that this method of sprinkling clothes was a sure way to spread tubercu-

Santa Barbara Friends of KCPB 91.1 FM

233 E. Carrillo St. Suite D Santa Barbara, CA 93101 (805) 966-3446

Dear Reader:

To many of us, radio is indispensable. We listen to it at home, on the road, at work, outdoors. We turn to it for the fastest available news service, for the music of our choice, for drama, poetry and conversation. We use it for everything from pleasant background accompaniment to essential life-or-death information.

However, even in this varied and distinctive medium, one service stands out as unique. That service is non-commercial, community-supported public radio.

Unfortunately, Santa Barbara is without such a service. The National Public Radio programming which a few of us are able to receive from other areas, allows us no choice and no voice. We think its time we had both! It is for this reason that culturally concerned residents are being urged to join with us as Santa Barbara Friends of KCPB-FM, to ensure that this newly licensed public radio station, headquartered in Thousand Oaks, will serve Santa Barbara by meeting our program preferences and covering issues of local interest.

Public Radio Station KCPB-FM is a non-profit corporation whose purpose is to provide quality, alternative, non-commercial radio service to local communities from Westlake Village to Gaviota. Programming will be devoted to the arts, classical music, national and local affairs.

KCPB-FM has raised more than \$200,000 over the past five years, and has met all the required criteria to qualify for official recognition as a bona-fide public radio station. The FCC has recently awarded the station all the necessary construction permits to build broadcasting and related facilities in Santa Barbara, Ojai and Westlake Village. They have been assigned the frequency designation 91.1 MHz. Projected "on air" date is January 1, 1979.

Only \$38,000 still needs to be raised before the project can begin. WILL YOU PLEASE HELP US?

A brochure and other information describing the history, financial status and programming goals of KCPB-FM may be requested by telephone or by writing to the above address.

Mrs. Jon B. Lovelace *Mrs. Arthur Bromfield*
Mrs. Jon Lovelace Mrs. Arthur Bromfield

Co-Chairmen

SANTA BARBARA FRIENDS OF KCPB-FM

Partial list of Friends

Mrs. Richard Hellmann
Wallace Drew
Mrs. Svend T. Simonsen
Albert K. Field
Mrs. Susanne Byars
Kenneth A. Brown
Tom Bazemore
Jose Saucedo

Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Terry
Guy Roop
Mrs. Ambrose Cramer
Dr. Lyall Bjornson
Ronald Ondrejka
Robert Brandt
Mrs. Genevieve Fisher
Dr. & Mrs. Arthur Greditzer

Dale Parker
Maurice Mitchell
Mr. & Mrs. John Dell
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Witmer
Mr. & Mrs. Harold Ward
Standish Backus
Mr. & Mrs. T. Dillingham

losis and other diseases. The city council, bending to the will of angry constituents, passed an ordinance making it unlawful to spray water directly from the mouth onto clothing. This legislation spelled out the alternative: Henceforth all sprinkling must be done from a tin vessel holding the few ounces of water formerly retained in the laundryman's mouth. He could blow into this container to produce a foglike spray similar to that used in the misting of house plants today. Thus, Santa Barbara's sanitation crisis ended as a tempest in an atomizer pot.



An integral part of any Chinese community in America was the secret society, or tong. This was true in nineteenth century Santa Barbara and a quarter of the way into the present century. One of several such tongs was the Chee Kung, dedicated to the liberation of the old country from the tyranny of the Manchus. Their leader, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the great freedom fighter, paid Santa Barbara a brief visit early in the century.

The most spectacular relic surviving from Santa Barbara's Chinatown era is the magnificent golden shrine which once belonged to the Chee Kung Tong. For many years it was the treasure of the joss house. It may be seen today in all its splendor in the China Room at the Historical Society Museum at 136 East De la Guerra Street.

The shrine, exquisitely hand-carved of hardwood and covered with pure gold leaf, dates from 1899 and was shipped from Canton to Santa Barbara by 70 donors from Kwangtung Province. Their names, in Chinese hieroglyphics, form part of the shrine's decorative motif. A recess in the shrine frames a portrait of Kuan Kung, a war hero of 221-280, who was worshipped as a god in many homes. The intricate carvings depict dragons and phoenixes—good luck symbols to Orientals. There are also three-dimensional depictions of famous battles from China's past, stage actors performing plays, and scenes from ancient Chinese mythology and folklore.

The victory in the Chinese Revolution in 1911 removed the Chee Kung Tong's *raison d'être*, so it disbanded. The shrine, no longer venerated as sacred furniture, became a priceless art object. When Santa

Barbara's joss house fell into decay after World War I, a nearby property owner and long-standing champion of Chinese rights in Santa Barbara, the late Elmer Whittaker, acquired the golden shrine and put it into storage for safekeeping for over 40 years. In 1962 the Santa Barbara Historical Society built their superb fireproof museum, the construction of which was supervised by Whittaker. He then donated the shrine to the Society, along with many other priceless artifacts from Santa Barbara's old Chinatown.

The purlieus of East Canon Perdido Street became a fertile seed bed for legends and folklore redolent of the mysticism and occultism of Old Cathay. Elmer Whittaker recounted an extraordinary example to the writer many years ago, featuring a young coolie whom Whittaker identified as one Choo Fong. He was a Cantonese who had wielded a pick and shovel on San Marcos Pass to hew out a stagecoach road. After that public project was finished, Choo Fong worked in town, where he had the fortune—or misfortune—to meet and fall in love with a beautiful half-Indian, half-Chinese *mestiza* named Rosita Chun, a maid employed by one of Santa Barbara's wealthier families.

Rosita begged her employer to buy Choo Fong out of the bondage of the Six Companies, a San Francisco-based coalition of the major tongs who imported coolie labor from China. The rich Barbareno agreed to buy Fong's freedom, and granted permission for him to marry Rosita, providing Choo Fong contracted to work out his indebtedness. This arrangement had the effect of making Choo Fong into the rich man's lifelong slave.

Choo Fong soon realized he had exchanged one kind of servitude for another. His woes were compounded by the fact that his bride soon revealed her true nature: She was a sharp-tongued shrew who made his life miserable. Even worse, Rosita was unable to bear children. This meant Choo Fong would never have a son to venerate him in his dotage, and to perpetuate the family name when the time came for him to join his honorable ancestors.

It was probably inevitable, Whittaker said, that Choo Fong became addicted to the narcotic poppy which was smoked in Santa Barbara's various opium dens. It was also inevitable that Choo Fong's gambling losses mired him deeper and deeper in debt to his white employer, who cunningly accepted his IOUs.

After a few years of marital misery and overwork, Choo Fong fell easy prey to a self-styled "Chinese sorcerer" who ran a fan-tan game at the joss house. The sorcerer told Choo Fong that for a few pieces of gold, he would poison Rosita. When

her husband rebelled at anything so drastic as murder, the sorcerer outlined an even more fantastic plot. He would brew an ancient Chinese potion which, when ingested, would bring on a trance-like coma that would make Choo Fong appear to be stone dead. The drug would wear off harmlessly in about fifteen hours.

"You will swallow my potion and appear to be dead," the sorcerer explained. "We will arrange for this to happen just as a Chinese ship is about to leave port for Shanghai. The county coroner is used to allowing Chinese corpses to be returned to China for burial, is it not so? But when you are safely out to sea, you will be revived by the ship's doctor, whom I have bribed successfully on past occasions. No one will ever know—least of all your sharp-tongued Rosita—that you arrived in your native land alive and healthy, ready to find a new woman and start life anew."

So great was the depth of Choo Fong's despondency that he decided to pay the exorbitant fee which the sorcerer demanded. After all, he knew his master's secret hiding place for his gold. And the amount he would steal had been earned many times over.

"Incredible as it may seem," Whittaker related, "the plot got off to a perfect start." A few hours before the Chinese merchant ship was due to cast off from Stearns Wharf for its return voyage to China, Choo Fong took the magic potion and fell into a death-like trance. The county coroner was half drunk—the sorcerer saw to that—when he signed the death certificate, citing "natural causes." A frightened Rosita agreed to sign the papers giving her consent to her husband's confined remains being placed aboard the Chinese ship. It was the least she could do for her beloved. She did, however, insist on one stipulation—which the sorcerer could not have anticipated. Rosita demanded to know, for the sake of her own peace of mind, just why her seemingly healthy husband had expired so unexpectedly. Had he suffered from a disease of which he was unaware? Was it really the heart attack it appeared to be? Or—perish the thought—had her melancholy spouse committed suicide by some unknown means?

So Rosita, as was her right as the widow, insisted upon, and got, an autopsy, which procedure entailed the dissection of Choo Fong's brain. . . .

Not all the stories out of Santa Barbara's Chinatown were so macabre. Chinese New Year was a joyful time, when the pueblo's yellow-skinned populace let their queues down and, to literalize the modern idiom, kicked the gong around. Santa Barbara's

somnolent streets shuddered and echoed to the crackle of exploding strings of fire-crackers, the clash of bronze cymbals and the cadence of wooden temple blocks hammering out the tempo for the dragon dance which wove its way along Canon Perdido Street. The night skies bloomed with pyrotechnics and the air was cloyed with the scent of gunpowder and fuming joss sticks. The celebration concluded with an all-night orgy of feasting and merriment which, for one day out of the year, eclipsed Santa Barbara's vaunted Spanish fiestas. Next morning, the Chinese Barbarenos would ignore their popping skulls and return to their drab routine of drudgery and abuse.

Chinese funerals were also big social events in Santa Barbara's Oriental heyday. The burials took place along the eastern edge of Protestant Santa Barbara Cemetery, where those of heathen faith could inter their dead temporarily, since every Chinese wanted his bones shipped back to the homeland for burial beside his ancestors. While the remains awaited shipment across the Pacific, however, Santa Barbara's Oriental community lavished loving care on their countrymen's graves. Unlike the American and Spanish custom of decorating graves with floral offerings, Chinese tradition called for tea and ginger and barley sprouts and roast pig to be laid out, followed by a ceremon-

ial burning of paper ribbons to expedite communication with the spirits of the departed.

In 1895 Santa Barbara's largest exodus of Chinese bones took place, when sixteen redwood boxes, each measuring 12 by 12 by 36 inches in size, were delivered to the Wells-Fargo office on lower State Street to be loaded onto a Hong Kong-bound windjammer. According to the *Daily Independent*, these souls had departed this life on what to them was foreign and often hostile soil; the remains had been interred for the requisite length of time to satisfy the Santa Barbara municipal health code; and it was now legal for them to be transported to their native land where a final resting place awaited them for eternity.

The same caste system which governed society in China was faithfully observed in Santa Barbara. A notable example of this rigid protocol involved a Chinese butler employed by the Arizona copper magnate, Dr. James Douglas, who had a summer home located on the present site of the Biltmore Hotel. Mrs. Douglas was picking a bouquet of roses in her famed circular garden near the beach, since replaced by the Coral Casino, when she saw a limousine flying the diplomatic flag of China turn into their driveway. The Douglasses were being vi-

sited by none other than China's ambassador to the United States.



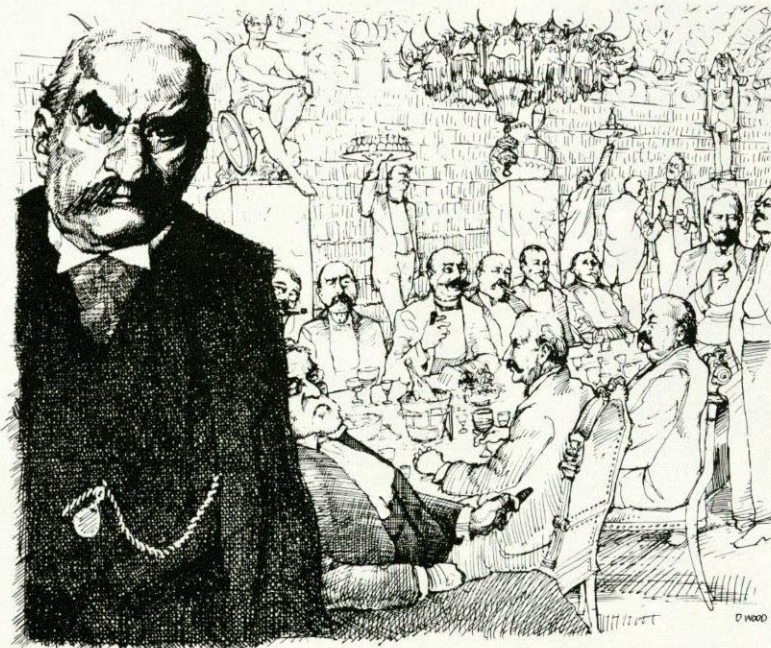
Later, when their Chinese butler entered the drawing room with a tray of drinks, the Douglasses were aghast to see their illustrious guest jump to his feet and prostrate himself before their servant.

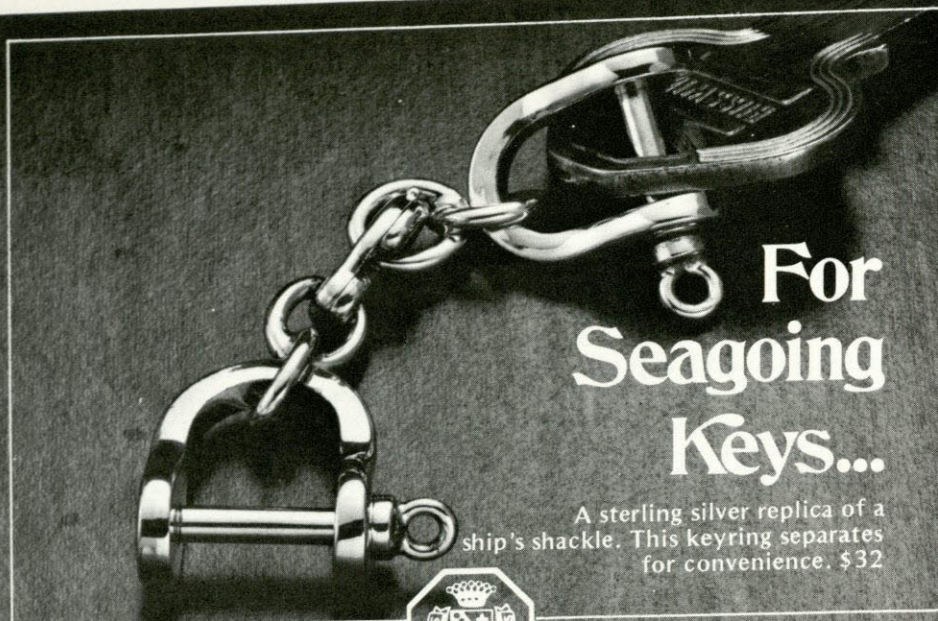
Balancing the Federal Budget is not new. Back away, Millionaire J.P. Morgan solved the Big Financial Panic of 1907 by locking up over one hundred of the nation's big financiers in his New York mansion — feeding them steak, lobster and champagne—until they pledged enough capital to cover the crisis. . . . That year, Ogilvy, Gilbert Norris & Hill had been providing insurance in Santa Barbara for 19 years.

OGNH Insurance since 1888

Ogilvy, Gilbert, Norris & Hill
Independent Insurance Agents

126 E. Carrillo St. Santa Barbara 391 First St. Solvang





For Seagoing Keys...

A sterling silver replica of a ship's shackle. This keyring separates for convenience. \$32



B.D. HOWES and SON FINE JEWELERS FOR FOUR GENERATIONS

1425 State Street / Santa Barbara / 966-7117
Los Angeles / Pasadena / Newport Beach / Palm Springs / Honolulu

FINE HOPE RANCH AND
MONTECITO PROPERTIES
COMMERCIAL REAL ESTATE
PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

LC The Linn Company

Lawrence R. Linn

1214 COAST VILLAGE ROAD
SUITE ONE "B"
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93108
(805) 969-5083

"Pray do not be embarrassed," His Excellency the Ambassador said to his shocked host and hostess. "In China, your servant belonged to a higher caste than the humble one into which I was born. Therefore it is only fitting that I should make obeisance to him."

Other Chinese customs often seemed weird by Occidental standards. Judge Robert Canfield ran into this situation while presiding over a trial involving three Chinese Barbarenos accused of theft. Ordinarily a witness would be asked to raise his right hand and swear on a Holy Bible that his testimony would be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But when a pagan Chinese witness was being sworn, this traditional Christian oath had no validity at all.

The attorney for the defense explained that in China it was the custom for a witness to sign a written oath, then seek out the nearest cemetery and go through the ritual of lopping off a live chicken's head so the blood could flow onto the grave.

Wise old Judge Canfield pondered this and agreed to honor the unorthodox arrangement. He adjourned the court and loaded jurymen, witnesses, bailiff, clerk and himself onto a tallyho wagon loaned for the occasion by the Arlington Hotel, and in due time he reconvened the trial at the Oriental section of Santa Barbara Cemetery overlooking the channel.

An awkward delay developed. The bewildered prosecuting attorney announced that the defense had not provided the necessary poultry for the swearing-in process. There was nothing else to do but return to the courthouse, and next day repeat the trip to the graveyard, this time with a cage full of sacrificial roosters in hand.

After the fowls had been properly decapitated, Judge Canfield ruled that conditions had been properly met and that the Chinese witnesses were now qualified to present their testimony. Then one of the key prosecution witnesses declined to ride back to the courthouse on the tallyho with the gory hatchet which had been used for the beheadings, so the defense attorney was obliged to walk over to the nearby Salt Pond—now the Bird Refuge—and heave the lethal tool into the briny.

According to contemporary press reports, the case ended in a hung jury, a mistrial and the release of the defendants. The paper did not comment on the martyrdom of the chickens.

By and large, Santa Barbara Chinese lived low-profile lives, few attaining celebrity. One who did was a former Hollister house boy, Gin Chow, who became nationally famous as a weather forecas-

ter, using ancient Chinese methods to outperform the U.S. Weather Bureau. (See "Santa Barbara's Incredible Prophet," by Walker A. Tompkins, *Santa Barbara Magazine*, Autumn 1975.)

A prominent Santa Barbara Superior Court judge was the key figure in an almost incredible courtroom drama which concerned a tong murder in Chinatown, the last such case to occur in Santa Barbara. Judge W.P. Butcher, who died in 1969, told the writer that when he was a young lawyer, he considered the following case to be his masterpiece as a defense attorney. It featured a surprise ending which, His Honor boasted, topped anything Perry Mason ever dreamed up on TV.



In 1925, two secret societies ruled Santa Barbara's Chinatown—the Hop Sing and the Bing Kong. The two tongs had a working agreement to alternate monthly leases on the top floor of the joss house, where the gambling concession was extremely lucrative. The police raided the joint periodically, but since the tongs were taking in a fabulous profit from the gaming tables, they wrote off the heavy fines and bail forfeitures as routine business expenses.

One crisp autumn night in 1925, when Santa Barbara's scars from the June 29 earthquake were still healing, young attorney Butcher was summoned to the private sanctum of the Bing Kong Tong, located in the basement of an adobe where the El Paseo parking lot is now situated, opposite the Lobero Theater.

The tong lords informed Butcher that at this very moment the rival Hop Sings were raking in money at the joss house across the street, two months after their lease had expired. They had refused to turn the gambling concession back to the Bing Kongs as agreed, so the Bing Kong

To Give Your Child A Solid Start



Marymount School

A 40-Year Tradition of Academic Excellence

- Six-acre wooded campus
- Experienced credentialed faculty
- Large library with extensive resources
- Tennis courts, swimming pool, athletic field
- Well-equipped science laboratory

A high-quality learning environment awaits your child at Marymount where each student is encouraged in academic achievement...athletic development...individual creativity.

Enroll now for fall. Co-educational. Elementary K-6. Complete Junior High program 7-9. Bus service available. Marymount admits students of any race, color and national origin. A Catholic school welcoming students of other convictions. Information and brochure: (805) 966-0811.

2130 Mission Ridge Road, Santa Barbara, CA 93103

Quality, selection and service... three important reasons to think Tri-Counties Spas.

At Tri-Counties Spas you'll find a huge selection of the highest quality spas to choose from.

There are 14 models, from an intimate 4-foot size to a magnificent 14-foot spa with room for the largest groups. With 15 beautiful tile selections and over 55 custom colors it's easy to make your



**TRI-COUNTIES
SPAS**

spa truly unique and personal. And at Tri-Counties Spas, the discount price includes all the finest accessory equipment.

Come by our showroom and discuss your needs with a member of our professional staff. Find out just how little a quality spa actually costs at Tri-Counties Spas!

722 Chapala Street, in the rear of the former Ott's building, (805) 962-8888
Tuesday thru Saturday 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M./Sunday Noon to 5:00 P.M.



AUTHENTIC FRENCH CUISINE

SERVED IN A COZY COUNTRY INN ATMOSPHERE

— OPEN FOR DINNER ONLY —



TUES.-SAT. 6 P.M.—10 P.M. CLOSED SUN. & MON.

1327 STATE (AT SOLA) SANTA BARBARA
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL AFTER 3 P.M.

962-5607



SILVER

Kirk
Lunt
Gorham
Stieff
Tuttle
Wallace
Heirloom
International
Reed & Barton

CHINA

Adams
Denby
Heath
Lenox
Spode
Herend
Minton
Aynsley
Pickard
Ceralene

Noritake
Wedgwood
Franciscan
Royal Doulton
Villeroy-Boch
Bing & Grondahl
Hutschenreuther
Royal Worcester
Royal Copenhagen
Royal Crown Derby

CRYSTAL

Kusak
Lenox
Gorham
Josair
Milnor
Riedel
Atlantis
Baccarat
Fostoria
Waterford
Franciscan

Hunts
Since 1871

CHINA · CRYSTAL · SILVER · GIFTS
12 E. CARRILLO—DOWNTOWN

90 Minutes Free Parking in New City Lot Behind Store.
Enter from Canon Perdido St. or Anacapa.

had decided to recover the franchise by violent means of their own. They had hired two hatchetmen, professional assassins, from the parent tong's manpower pool in San Francisco, who at this moment were seated in a parked sedan outside.

"We want to retain you to defend our two hatchetmen for the murder of Gin Han, chief of the Hop Sing Tong," Butcher was told.

"When did this, uh, homicide occur?" Butcher asked.

"It hasn't—yet," was the tong chief's startling reply. "But any minute now. The instant Gin Han opens the joss house door he's a dead man. But in case our assassins fail to make their escape, we will need you to defend them."

Before lawyer and clients could agree on a fee, a crackle of gunfire rattled their eardrums. Butcher followed his clients up the cellar steps to investigate the shots, just in time to see the hatchetmen's car roar off toward State Street, half a block west. Milky layers of powder smoke still hung in the cold night air. The assassins had tossed their revolvers into the gutter, along with the white cotton gloves they had worn to hide their fingerprints. By the soft glow of Chinese paper lanterns swaying from the joss house balcony, Butcher could see the crumpled body of Gin Han, sprawled face down on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs.

Never in Santa Barbara history had a crime been witnessed by so many people. The Rose Theater at 904 State Street had just ended its midnight show, and no less than 25 movie goers saw the shooting and got close looks at the killers as they sped past.

The getaway car blew a tire on the Coast Highway west of town and was found abandoned. Sheriff's deputies soon collared two very frightened Chinese hiding in a barn where Earl Warren Showgrounds stand today. They were arrested as prime suspects in the tong killing of Gin Han, and were placed in jail to await a hearing.

Lawyer Butcher had his work cut out for him, defending the two culprits for a cold-blooded killing, but he did not appear concerned a few days later when the two defendants were brought out of jail to confront their 25 witnesses. The district attorney, Clarence Ward, was confident of obtaining a quick conviction. But the D.A. did not reckon on the ingenuity of W.P. Butcher, attorney for the defense.

Sheriff Jim Ross for some reason removed the shackles from the two Chinese just before they were escorted into the hearing room. There, momentary confusion reigned as a group of eight similarly-dressed Chinese gentlemen, carefully

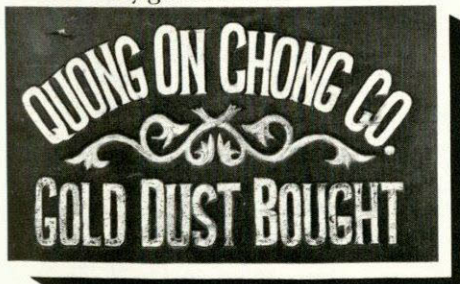
coached beforehand by Butcher, suddenly surrounded the defendants. The waiting witnesses stared at the ten deadpan Chinese faces in dismay. Which two belonged to the killers of Gin Han? These men seemed as alike as eggs in a basket.



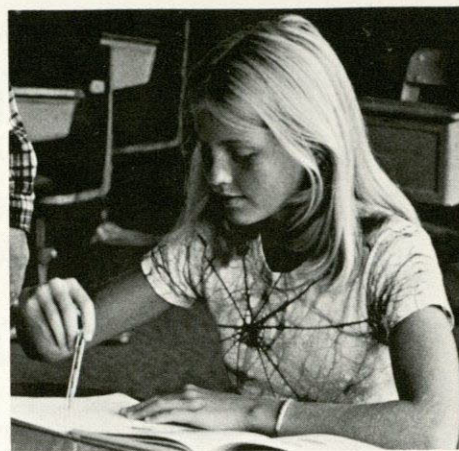
"Of course the D.A. had no choice but to release the entire line-up," Judge Butcher chuckled some 40 years later. "It was my finest hour in the courtroom."

The humiliated Clarence Ward survived to serve Santa Barbara with honor in the State Assembly. His name is perpetuated in the memorial boulevard which links the UCSB campus with the freeway. Although Ward always bemoaned his failure to punish the perpetrators of Santa Barbara's last tong murder, the case had a happy result: It launched a campaign to remove Chinatown's malignant growth from the heart of the city.

Outraged citizens expelled the tongs. The joss house was demolished. As the Chinese population scattered, racial discrimination faded as they were assimilated by the community at large. The job of eradicating the Oriental ghetto was completed in 1937 when a federal work project began on a new central post office on Anacapa. In one sweep, Santa Barbara's sleazy brothels, the opium parlors and the tumbledown Spanish adobes were expunged in the name of urban renewal. Old Chinatown, a unique segment of the Santa Barbara scene, became as extinct as the lotus blossoms and opium poppies which once bloomed in its back-alley gardens....



Santa Barbara Magazine gratefully acknowledges the Santa Barbara Historical Society for its help in the preparation of this article.



Photos: Dave Williams

PRE - FIRST - NINTH GRADE
COEDUCATIONAL
MEMBER CALIFORNIA
ASSOCIATION OF
INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS

Crane
School
est. 1927

1795 San Leandro Lane
Montecito, CA 93108

Extended Day Care Service
Call or Write for Brochure (805) 969-2343



SANTA YNEZ VALLEY

If you appreciate tranquility, California oaks, panoramic views of Valley and mountains and a modern, carefully designed Spanish style home and barn amidst a picture book setting, then let us show you this spectacular property. The well-constructed, three bedroom, three bath residence with a swimming pool in the courtyard, gives you a spacious, freeflowing feeling, and lets you feel a part of the surrounding beauty. The master bedroom suite in one wing has its own fireplace, as does one of the bedrooms in the other wing. Open living area with handmade Mexican tile floor and completely built-in kitchen. There is a four stall barn with tack room, laundry and living accommodations exceptionally well planned for the horse owner. All this on 20 acres in an aesthetically beautiful setting in the foothills with endless miles of riding trails. \$315,000.



LIVE OAK REALTY

Ranches - Acreage -
Residential - Commercial

3575 SAGUNTO STREET
SANTA YNEZ, CALIFORNIA

RITA NAMAN JAMES OBERLANDER
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
BUSINESS: (805) 688-5555
HOME: (805) 688-4115

The Ultimate Environment Dream Houses

By Jerry Dunn

Photography by Jürgen Hilmer

Man's desires are many. His actual needs are few and not very romantic: food, clothing, shelter. So around these three basic necessities, he builds dreams: epicurean dining and the mystery of fine wine; high fashion; homes to reveal the soaring architecture of his imagination.

The varieties of self-expression are infinite. Depending on the climate and terrain, on the weight of cultural tradition and the size of his wallet, a man produces an igloo, a Bedouin tent or Buckingham Palace.

One man's moat, to commit a pun, is another man's prison.

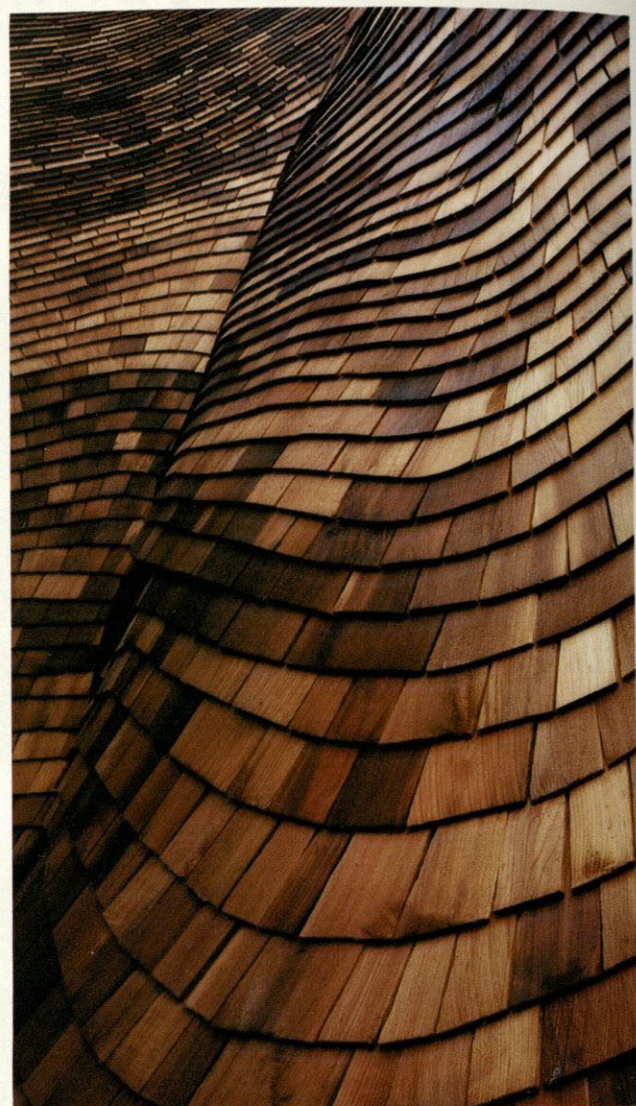
But if environment and bankbook limit a man's building choices, his vision can open new worlds. The homes which appear here were chosen as dream houses because they have been brought to life primarily by human imagination. Behind every dream house there is a dreamer.

Like dreams, no two houses are alike. Some have been built from scratch—one of them, in fact, is scratched into a rock wall—while others have been remodeled, or converted from structures which, like a water tower, once had an entirely different purpose from containing people.

Santa Barbara dream houses run the gamut from geodesic domes to 50-room mansions whose walls are covered with frescoes and whose rolling lawns blossom with staffs of full-time gardeners. One estate has a private railroad, chugging along a scenic route and, happily, going nowhere in particular. Other houses boast private beaches, concert halls, even planetariums.

It is not simply wealth that matters in this taking of a dream and fashioning it in three dimensions, giving it form. (That a classic Sunset Boulevard villa was recently painted in Day-Glo turquoise by an oil-rich Arab demonstrates that money does not buy taste.)

What matters is a person's access to his dreamworld—that mysterious inner space where all great things first take form before being hammered, nailed and urged into being.



Maverick engineer and designer Michael Carmichael, after building 70 houses for other people, is building a house for himself in Mission Canyon. Around its central stone tower, gracefully-shingled curved forms are draped like billowing skirts; the fanciful spirit of Antonio Gaudi lives on. There is a redwood tree in the hall. The 75-foot long swimming pool ends up in the garage.

"There's no logic," says Carmichael with glee. "It's just what I felt like doing. Why should architecture have to be so damn serious?"

His house, shown in part here and on the cover, will be featured after its completion in a later issue of *Santa Barbara Magazine*.





British architects Geoff and June Holroyd have been impressed by Bernard Rudofsky's milestone study, *Architecture Without Architects*, and its celebration of "vernacular design," offering a fresh kind of inspiration to the designer. Here the word vernacular indicates a spontaneous, organic growth of construction ideas and techniques, creating dwellings which, like tepees and log cabins, directly reflect the lives of the people who dwell inside.

At the Holroyd's house, this germinal idea has blossomed. Acting as modern folk artists, they have done much of the construction themselves, with the help of their children, raising rafters and laying floors. ("Every

morning for two years we just got up and got into our work clothes.") They used machine technology where it was appropriate, neither rejecting this as did the Arts and Crafts designers of the last century, whom they admire, nor exaggerating it in the manner of the ultra-modern International Style.

All the building components—clay, huge beams from a railway bridge, rough redwood rafters from demolished barns, a sculpted stone mantle from the Portuguese Azores—were worked into their design in a fresh, modern way, and there is something simple



and unforced about their use of these materials. The Holroyds have added to the original adobe house a new wing and a distinctive vision.

The new construction, with its gabled English-country-house roof, flows easily into the older part. From the new living room one sees the old kitchen with its adobe hearth and a massive iron cookstove. (The stove is so heavy, says June, that "they must have built the original house *around* it.") Earthen tiles which pave a new porch perfectly match the ones laid down a quarter-century ago. These additions, unlike those to many old houses, have avoided the "Frankenstein-monster effect," with its evident transplants, seams and spare

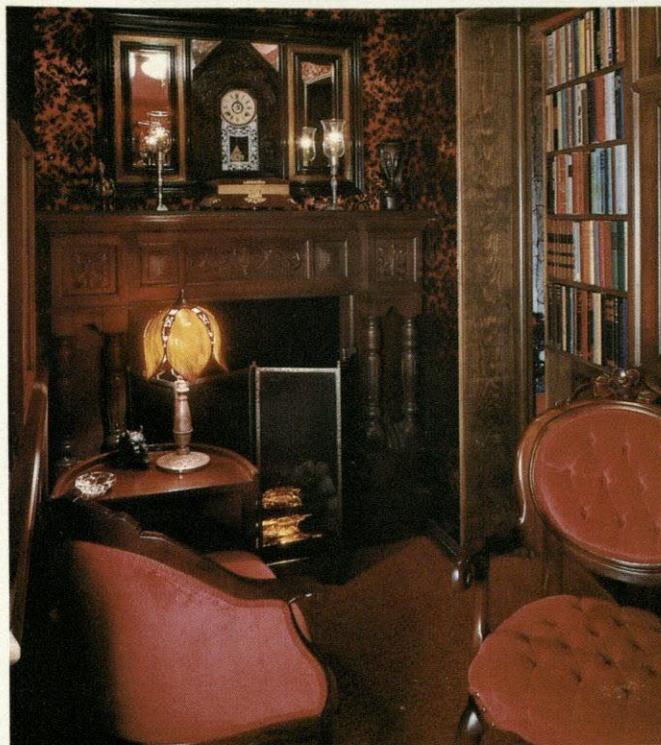
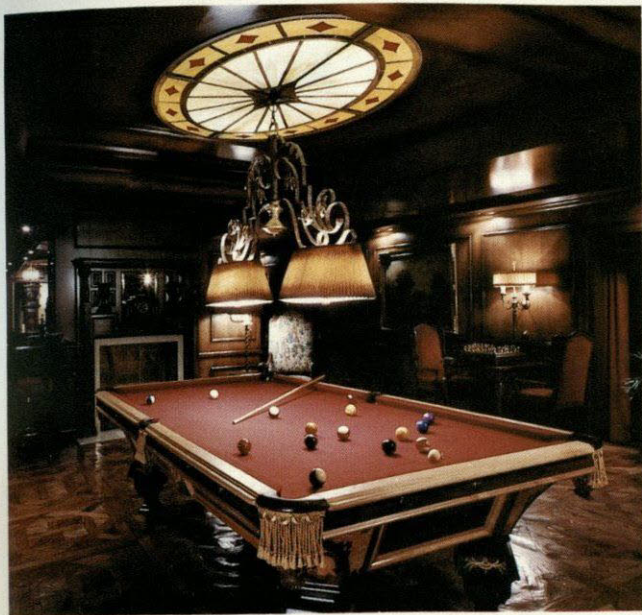
parts. Instead, the house compares to a growing tree, rooted in clay and rising in the airy grace of living wood.

One wall is a mosaic of uniformly-sized window panes, offering a view up a wild canyon and looking down into a flower garden which has been planted in the hollow from which the dirt for the original adobe bricks was quarried more than 25 years ago. Like European houses, this one has its own history, a continuing story of new generations and occupants read in timber and clay, to which each owner adds by living there. The dweller is tied to the life of the dwelling.



What can you say about a house that contains 50 rooms, 14 ("or maybe 15") fireplaces, a penny arcade, a dining room large enough to accommodate state dinners, and a Victorian "seance" room reached through a false bookcase and fitted with clever electronics which create party-going poltergeists? Where your only worry is whether to swim, play tennis, or relax in the richly paneled library and watch the setting sun throw bars of color across the room as it plays through stained glass. Or you could watch a first-run movie on the screen that descends soundlessly from the ceiling as you touch a switch. What can you say, when any exclamation might be tinged a tell-tale envy green?

Ah well. A look will suffice. Polished wood and intricately carved stairways form an architectural backdrop for a collection of clocks—including one with a built-in, 99-pipe organ—and a trove of treasures from all over the world. On 32 acres with a sea view, nearly 400 oaks grow alongside extensive orchid and rose gardens. Lacy white pavilions on cascading lawns recall the opulence of pre-tax 1928, when the house was built for its demanding first owner.



Its restoration has been an eight-hour-a-day job for a year and a half. Acres of unkempt weeds became cushiony sod. Sandblasting revealed the beauty of old brick. Two artists working full time restored delicate plaster ceiling mouldings and created painted murals and *trompe l'oeil* architectural effects.

Upstairs, the new owners have completely redecorated—for that matter, they have done the same thing downstairs—carefully matching wallpapers, materials and accent pieces. They have installed his and hers bathrooms—hers in pink, with a sunken tub; his

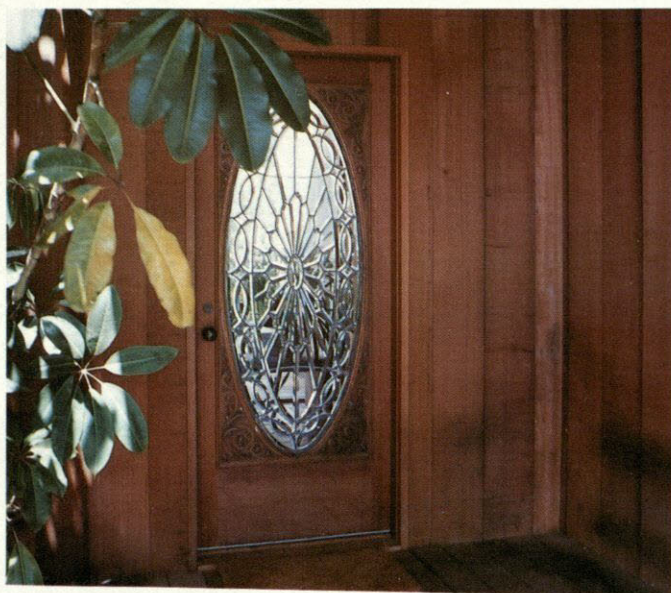
in brown with a shower that boasts more controls than most aircraft. There is a well-equipped exercise room next door. Guest rooms abound, and there are a number of airy sleeping porches.

What else can you say about a house like this? "Darkroom, two guest cottages, quail and deer running free over the grounds, Oriental and Persian rugs . . ."



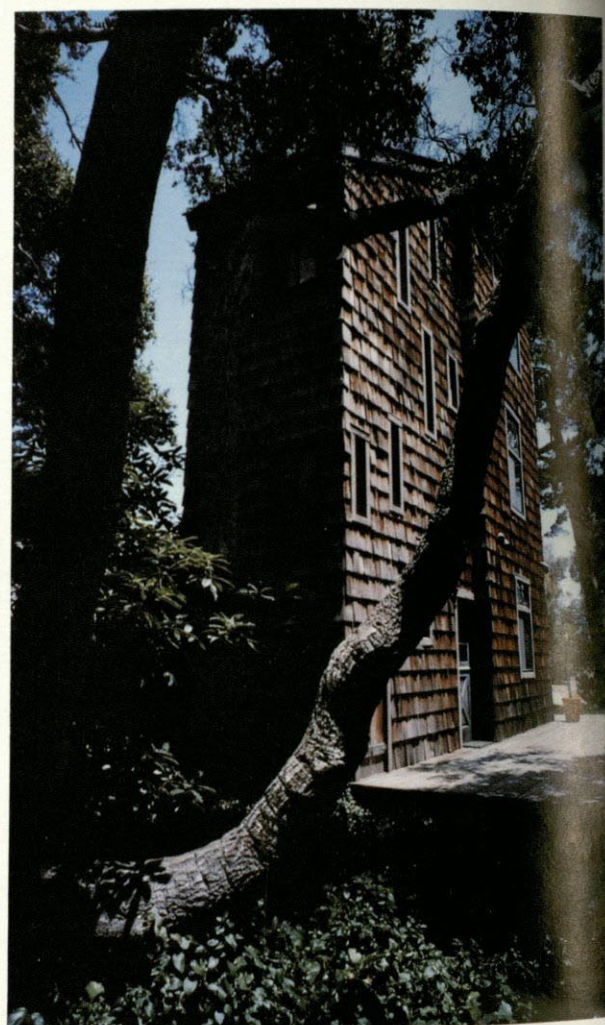


In an atmosphere of comfortable decorum, paintings and *objects d'art* are displayed against fine wood paneling; antique books are housed in a gallery created with the railing from an old church's loft.



When architect Lauren Solin was given the job of revamping an old watertower and turning it into a liveable house, it was a dream come true. The clients were his friends; they gave him complete creative freedom; they shared his love for the woodsy Third Bay Region style of design and its abundant use of wood and glass. Furthermore, his clients had a collection of stained and beveled glass windows from East Coast houses and public buildings.

"It was great fun," says Solin, "very relaxed, and we were able to take the time it needed, to let it grow. I'd never designed a vertical living space, with all the main areas stacked up on top of each other. That was a special problem and the stair tower was the response."



Added onto the existing structure, the tower was left open all the way to the roof to create a kind of visual connection between all the other spaces. During parties, guests use the stairs and landings as a multi-level living room. "In some sense," says Solin, "the stair tower became one of the most important rooms in the house."

From the top floor there is a nearly 360-degree view. "Lying in bed, you can look over your feet to see the mountains, then roll over and look out at the ocean." Living at tree-top level, one experiences the outdoors in a new way.



"I wanted to blend the house as much as possible with the site," says the architect. "The use of cedar for the exterior was one way of doing that, since I knew it would weather very nicely." The cedar paneling on the interior walls was installed on the diagonal, partly for aesthetic, partly for structural reasons. After being gutted in order to re-engineer new floors, doors and windows, the water tower needed stabilizing. The architect's clever solution was to strengthen the structure by making every piece of paneling a diagonal cross-brace.

In looking at this home, one sees that a good design solution can also *look* great.



Dan and Linda Smith took a full year to think about the home they would build, even camping out on their ocean-front acre to get a feeling for the site in all seasons and types of weather. Their goal was simple: To build a house that would conform with the environment, not interrupt it.

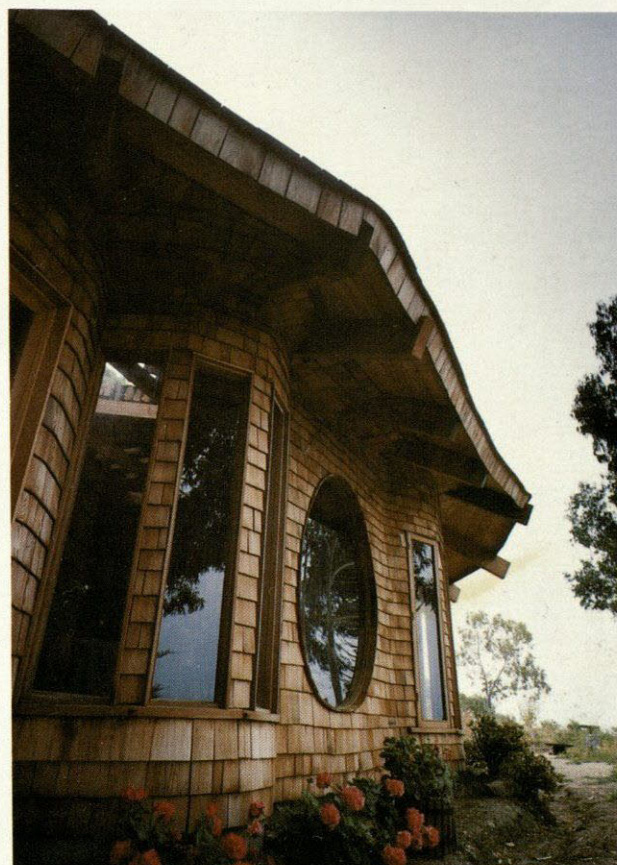
Out of that year of visualization came a curvilinear house which, like a wave, rises, rolling, to a peak; then it flows and falls away peacefully. Designer Michael Carmichael, who planned the house with them, left the main room entirely open so that they are able to practice T'ai Chi without obstruction. There are no straight lines or corners to arrest flowing forces. "The energy inside the house," says Dan Smith, "harmonizes

with the energy outside." Though it is still under construction, the house already seems to have a life of its own. "You can feel it move."

In fact, Dan jokes, "the kitchen cabinets moved so much they had to be redone." The designer had planned the house so that its owners could also be its builders. Without any experience with tools, they are simply learning as they go along.

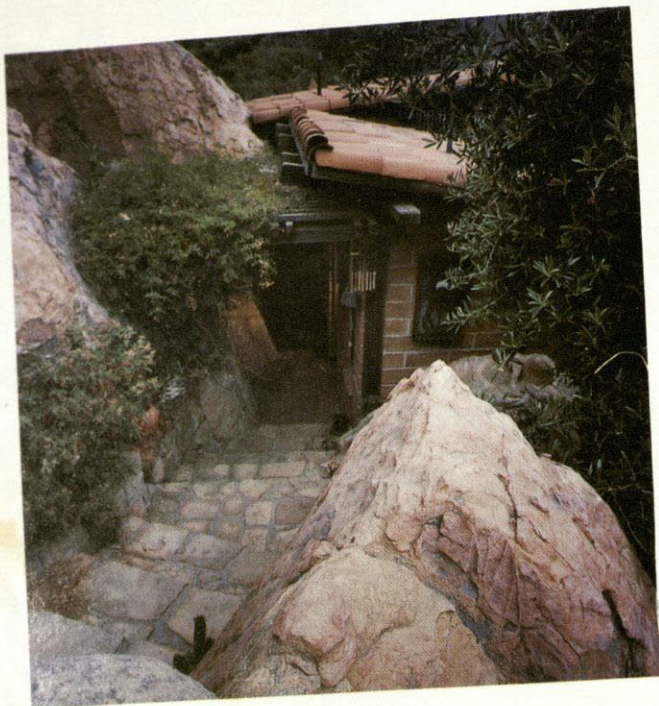
"First comes the ground-breaking," says Linda, "then comes the back-breaking."

Thirty beams ascend to the tops of three intact redwood trees. Sandstone boulders were rolled in "Egyptian style" on a pathway of logs and installed for a firepit. A dining area occupies a well in front of an ocean-facing window.

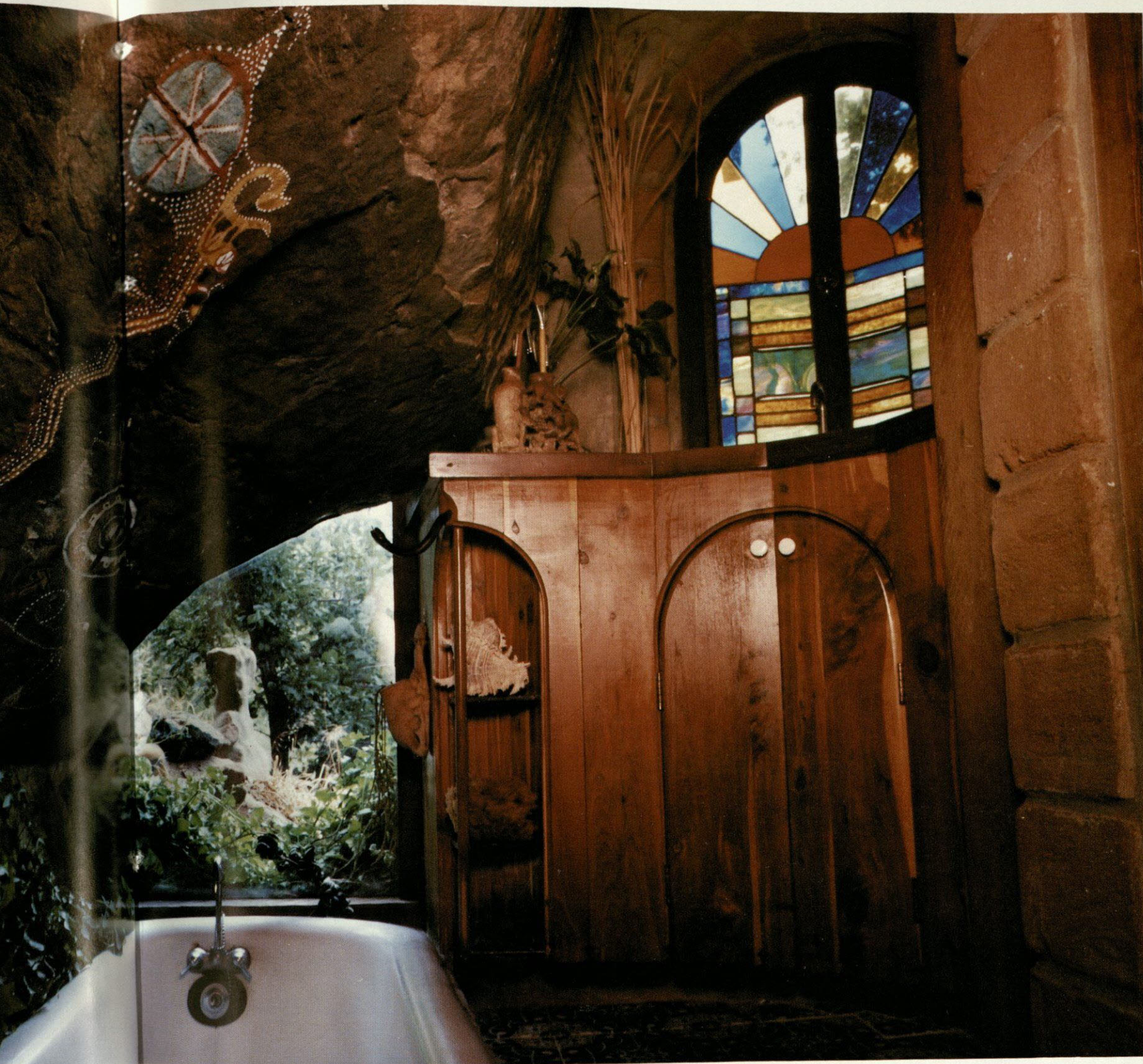


The house is planned with people in mind, because Dan, in the course of his work as a counselor at UCSB, has learned that communication is sharply influenced by the quality of the space in which it occurs. For his home, he wanted a place that would reinforce people's efforts to come together.

Just downhill from the main house toward the ocean is a small teahouse with a thick carpet and wide windows which glow in the setting sun. Dan and Linda come here to practice yoga and meditation, and it almost seems that there are no problems in their curvilinear seaside paradise. Although, Linda points out, she still has an occasional nightmare: "I dream I'm living in a square room."



"I built my house next to the rock to get out of the wind." Half-hidden down a stone stairway, a lover of privacy built a house for himself and his family. "It was just after the fire 10 years ago. I needed a house, and a friend helped me put it up. I bought some Tecate bricks from a neighbor who had a load of them. Then I got a stained glass window, added some to it, and put that in."



to get out of the wind."
y, a lover of privacy
family. "It was just after
house, and a friend
e Tecate bricks from a
Then I got a stained
and put that in."

The bathroom lies against a rock wall, with plants growing up along the floor line. Above the tub are pictographs like the ones the Chumash Indians painted. In what was once a Chumash domain, they tie the house to the land.

There is only one room. "That's good. It gets you outside." It is living room and dining room, workshop and studio. Its hand-crafted table has mellowed with use. Above, a sleeping loft provides space for rest.

A full life can be lived in one room. Simple dreams are sometimes the best.

The author thanks Chuck Cail and Harriette von Breton for their kind assistance in the preparation of this article.

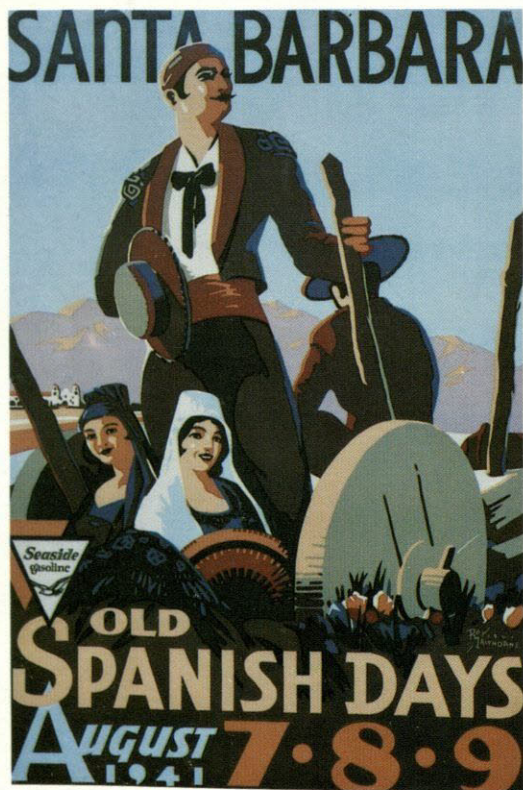
Photographer Jürgen Hilmer's work has appeared in Newsweek and The New York Times Sunday Magazine, and has been displayed at the San Francisco and Santa Barbara Museums of Art. A world traveler and aerospace designer, he helped create a seismographic experiment which was successfully landed on the surface of the moon.

Old Spanish Yesterdays

In bygone years, the coming of Fiesta was often heralded by these colorful, stylized posters painted by Roy Lawhorne. Thousands of them were distributed free, courtesy of the Seaside Gasoline Company—whose trademarks were discreetly appended.

Other decorative art appeared on the Old Spanish Days programs which announced the festival's activities. One vintage drawing depicted the city, nestled between the mountains and the sea, with a bulbous two-prop airliner winging its way overhead as if to contrast with the town's horse-and-cart past. A rich and rolling prose also graced these programs, evoking early California:

"When the deep-throated tones of the Old Mission Bells ring out their call at sunset, they will extend a hearty invitation to the citizens of Santa Barbara



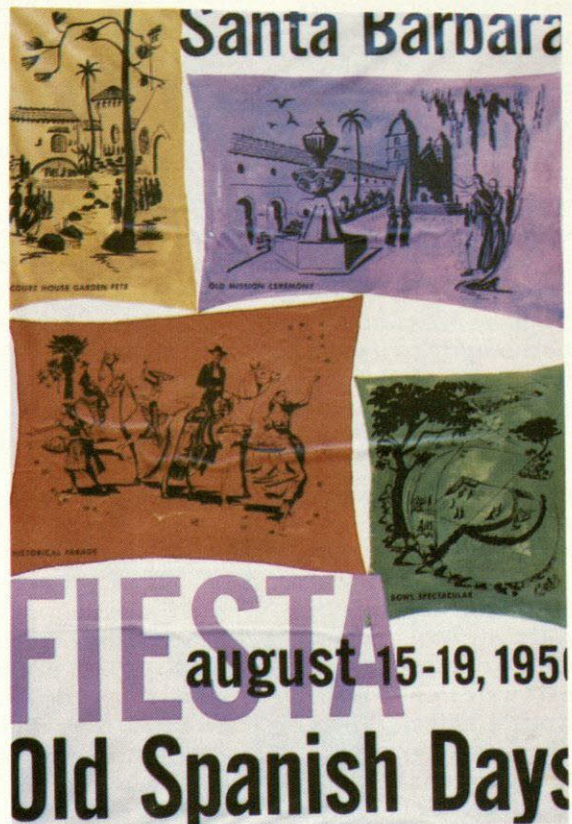
OLD Spanish Days



SANTA BARBARA
AUG. **11-12-13** 1938

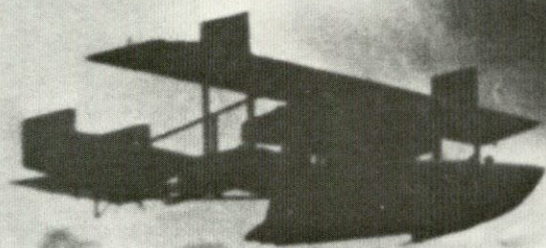
ROY 1938
LAWHORNE





The changing style of popular poster art is displayed in these announcements of Fiestas past.

F L



LYING

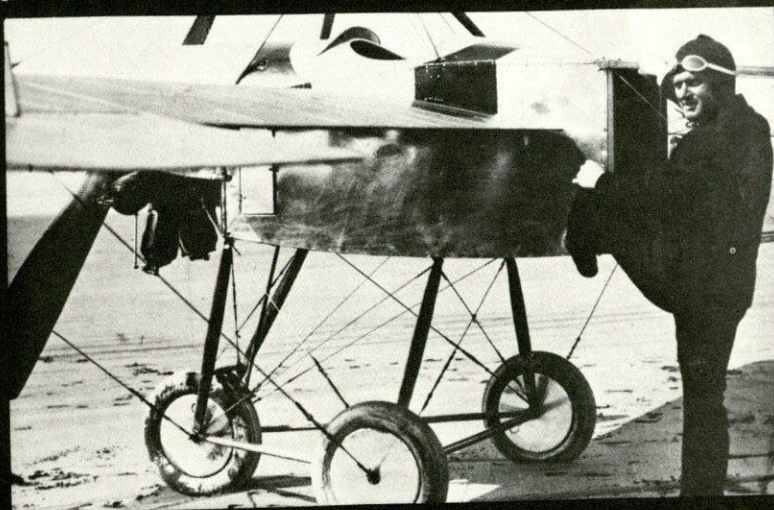
The Early Days of Aviation in Santa Barbara

By Walker A. Tompkins

Most Santa Barbara youths of the 1890s spent their leisure time playing baseball or riding horses or fishing for trout in Mission Creek, but not the three Loughead brothers. They would be found on East Beach, flying their elaborate box kites.

Their mother, Flora Haines Loughead, who wrote a gossip column for the Santa Barbara Daily Independent, knew that Victor, Allen and Malcolm were not squandering their time. The Loughead boys were sure that man would fly, and to them, the kites were instruments for performing aerodynamic research.

A clue to the brothers' future status in the American aviation industry lies in the fact that their surname was pronounced, and later spelled, "Lockheed"



*In 1903, when another team of brothers, on another stretch of beach, successfully flew the world's first powered aircraft at Kitty Hawk, the Lougheads knew that aviation would be their lifetime work. By 1909 Victor had written a best-seller, *Aeroplane Design for Amateurs*. The boys went to Santa Monica to join other aviation aficionados, including Glen Martin and Glenn Curtiss, and they were self-taught solo pilots by 1910, a year before Santa Barbara was visited by its first flying machine.*

On the historic 25th of May, 1911, a barnstorming French aviator named Dedier Masson lifted his primitive biplane from a cow pasture in Hope Ranch, soared like a shuttlecock over the

Photographs from the
Joel Conway Historical Collection

DESIGN BY JOHN ALEXANDER



(Previous page, left) The aeronautic marvel of its age, the Lockheed F-1 flies in the sunset skies of 1917.

(Previous page, right) Daredevil Lincoln Beachey followed his bone-bruising appearance in Santa Barbara's first air show with a 1915 exhibition of stunt flying over San Francisco Bay. Ten minutes after this picture was made, Beachey's plane disintegrated in mid-air before 50,000 spectators, and he was dead.

(This page, above) When Charles Lindbergh piloted a replica of *The Spirit of St. Louis* to the Casa Loma Airfield in the late 1920s, the "airport" had one hangar, no lights, no runway markers, no repair facilities, and no refueling equipment. A certain spirit of adventure prevailed.

(Above right) Movie ingenue Mary Miles Minter, employed by Santa Barbara's Flying "A" Studios, posed with Malcolm and Allen Lockheed before a publicity flight aboard the F-1.

Mesa's rounded Lavigia Hills, and glided to a bumpity-bump landing on the grounds of the Potter Hotel between Chapala and Bath Streets. (Two years later Masson was shot down while

serving as an airborne spy in the Mexican Revolution.)

Meanwhile, to earn a living, the Loughhead brothers became auto mechanics. Victor moved to Illinois, Allen and Malcolm to San Francisco. Thus they missed Santa Barbara's first air show. It was staged at Hope Ranch on Sunday, March 2, 1914, and starred Lincoln Beachey, the most famous American barnstormer prior to World War I. He billed himself modestly as "the most skilled and daring bird-man in the world." Harold Callis, manager of the old Potter Theater, undertook the job of promoting Beachey's aerial circus. He distributed posters and handbills which advertised that Beachey was bringing a new, untested biplane to Santa Barbara and would take to the sky over Hope Ranch for an hour of "death-defying, upside-down flying, high-altitude stunting, vertical dives and one or possibly more loop-the-loops."



COLLECTION OF ANTHONY STADLMAN

The swashbuckling Beachey, in ear-flapped helmet and fur-trimmed goggles, arrived a day early with a crew of mechanics which included Glen Martin, the future maker of bombers. They uncrated the plane, which had preceded them by rail, and assembled it inside a tent hangar near the shores of Laguna Blanca. Ticket sales were not brisk, Callis reported, despite Santa Barbara's intense interest in flying. The reason was obvious to all. Why pay out hard-earned money to watch a show in the sky? On the morning of the air show cars were parked bumper to bumper along Modoc Road and Hollister Avenue from Ontare Road to Patterson Avenue and More Mesa.

Beachey's tractor biplane weighed around 1000 pounds, including a French-built Gnome engine with seven radial cylinders. The wings, fuselage and tail assembly were constructed of gossamer-light linen, piano wire and bamboo.

A large crowd was waiting when Beachey's plane was fueled and trundled out onto the hayfield which would serve as aerodrome. But some embarrassing delays developed. After a warm-up taxi run, Beachey shut off his engine because he said he was blinded by sunlight reflecting off the tin cowl over the cylinder heads. A technician from the Flying "A" movie studio, then operating in Santa Barbara, suggested coating the bright metal with soap. This was done, and Beachey had another go at take-off. But soap flakes blew back from the engine and fouled the lenses of Beachey's goggles, forcing him to taxi back to the hangar tent again, to the disgust of the crowd. In desperation, Beachey ripped off the entire cowl.

A third time the rickety machine scooted like a roadrunner across the newly-mown hayfield, but failed to gain flying speed. By now the crowd was beginning to jeer *The World's Foremost Bird-Man*, calling him a humbug and demanding their money back. But on the next run, assisted by a freshening breeze, the plane became airborne. After

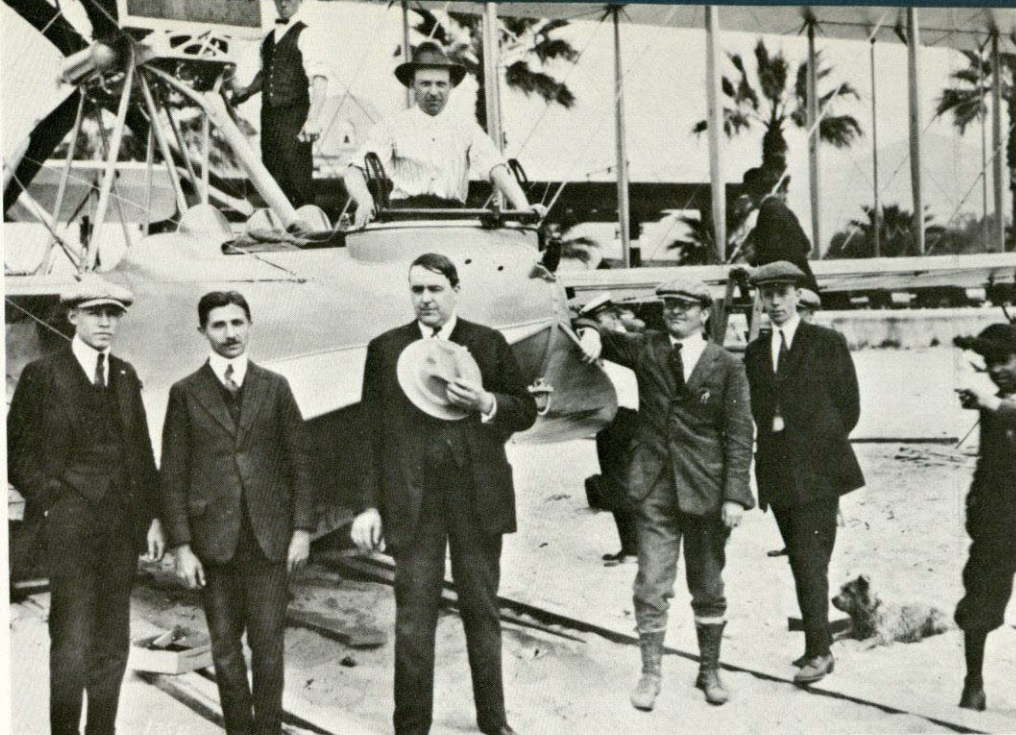
nearly clipping some shingles off the roof of the Potter Country Clubhouse (now a home at 800 Carosam Road), Beachey flew off toward the Goleta Valley.

Seven minutes later the plane reappeared at an elevation of 2,000 feet. Above Laguna Blanca, Beachey tilted his joystick to roll over on his back, flying upside down over downtown Santa Barbara. During a fly-over at 3000 feet, the master of ceremonies announced through his megaphone that Beachey would now dive at a speed in excess of 200 miles an hour, to disprove the widely-held belief that a pilot would suffocate if he fell more than 500 feet.

After a half hour of Immelmann turns, power dives and other aerobatics, Beachey arrived at the climactic stunt of the program—an attempt to break the record, held by a European flyer, of nine consecutive loop-the-loops. Thousands of Barbarenos, both inside and outside the showgrounds, watched in gape-jawed suspense as Beachey put his little plane into a 360-degree loop, followed by another and still another. The Hope Ranch audience, led by Glen Martin, chanted the count, their voices rising in hysterical triumph as Beachey made his tenth loop to set a new world record—and continued the loops while losing altitude at an alarming rate.

The thrilled crowd was unaware when Beachey lost control after the thirteenth loop and fell into a spin. At 500 feet he managed to stop corkscrewing, but he could not pull out of the dive without ripping off the wings. Beachey cut his engine and went into a steep glide, straight at the crowd below. At the last instant he veered and plunged into a huge oak tree, with an explosion of flying parts. Many of those who witnessed Santa Barbara's first aeroplane crash thought it was part of the show.

Bleeding from his cuts, Beachey scrambled out of the shattered tree to reach terra firma. He declared in a shaky voice that he was through with flying forevermore, that if God had intended



COLLECTION OF ANTHONY STADLMAN

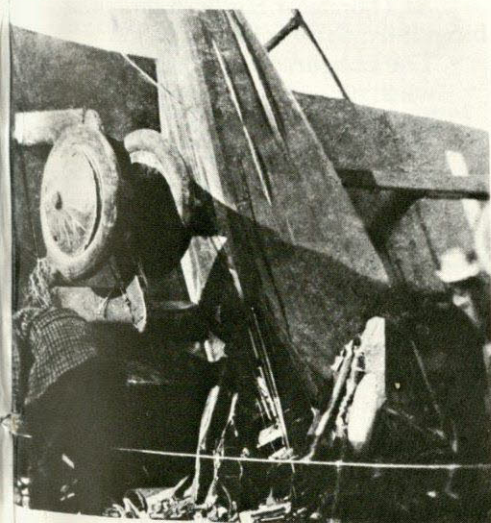
men to fly. He would have given them wings. Beachey reiterated these sentiments that evening when he was the bandage-wrapped guest of honor at a banquet in the Potter Hotel's posh Gold Room.

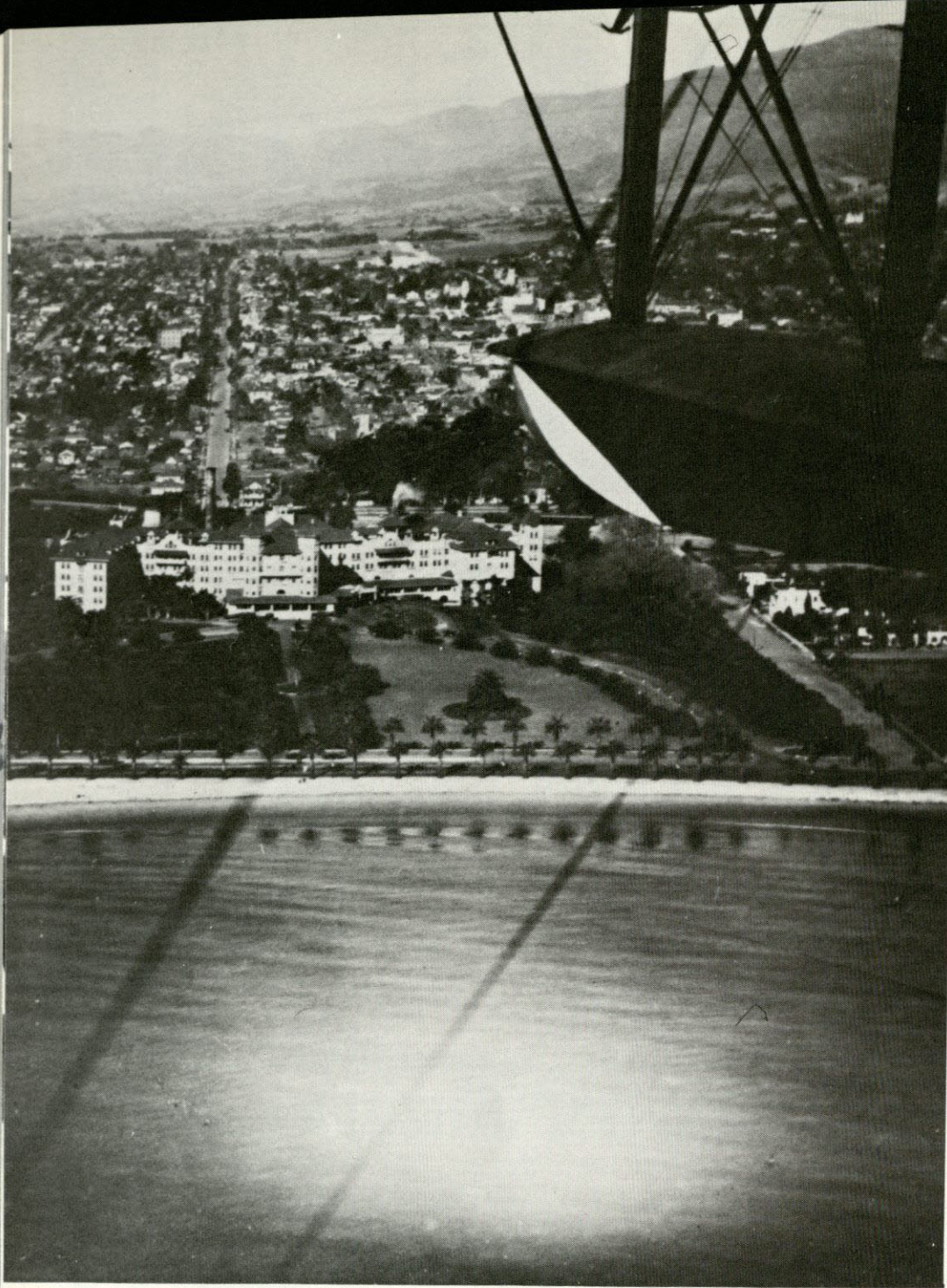
But within a few months Lincoln Beachey was back in the air again, this time with a new German-made aircraft. On March 13, 1915, he was putting his new machine through a series of stunts over San Francisco Bay while some 50,000 enthralled spectators watched from the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Among those watching were Allen and Malcolm

(Above) The mainstays of the Loughhead (later Lockheed) aircraft company. Front: unknown public relations man, shop foreman Tony Stadlman, president Burt Rodman, Allen Loughhead, engineering designer Jack Northrop; in cockpit: Malcolm Loughhead.

(Below left) The Lockheed F-1A, converted from a seaplane to one with wheels, cracked up at Gila Bend, Arizona, en route to Washington, D.C., on a publicity flight. No serious injuries resulted. The 1918 flight was designed to make a name for the Lockheed company and bring it a chunk of the postwar civilian aircraft business. The publicity, one can surmise from this photo, was somewhat negative.

(Below right) An aviation "first"! Earle Ovington gets a ticket from two officers of the law for "flying too low" over houses near the Casa Loma airfield.





(Above) The Potter Hotel turns its face to the sun in what must be one of the earliest aerial photographs made in Santa Barbara.

(Above right) Twenty cents brought avid flying fans the latest aviation action in *The Ace*. This cover featured the "Loughead Sports Biplane Model S-1."

Loughead. Sick with horror, they saw the wings of Beachey's plane crumple in midair and their favorite hero plummet to his death in the Bay.

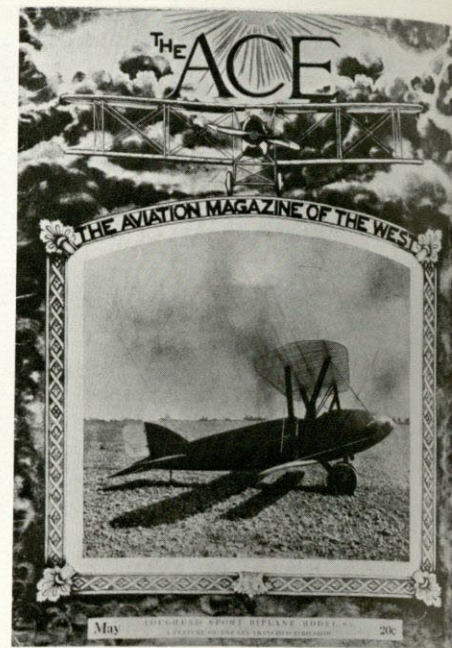
The Loughead brothers were by then very much involved in aviation. Using their wages as garage mechanics, they had built a plywood seaplane which they called the Model G and had bid successfully for the Exposition's passenger-carrying franchise. Charging \$10 for a ten-minute flight over San Francisco's skyscrapers and the then-

unbridled waters of the bay, the Loughead boys in 50 working days managed to save \$6,000.

With this, they quit their jobs to prepare for making their lifelong dream come true: they would manufacture aircraft and cash in on the booming market for private and commercial planes. But where should they locate their factory? In beautiful Santa Barbara, of course.

When the world's fair closed, the two airmen headed for their home town in high spirits, although somewhat embarrassed that they had to travel to Santa Barbara by train. The Model G carried only an eight-gallon fuel tank, insufficient to fly the 280 airline miles from San Francisco to Santa Barbara. So they dismantled the plane and shipped it south on the coastal steamer *Senator*.

The Lougheads would live in a



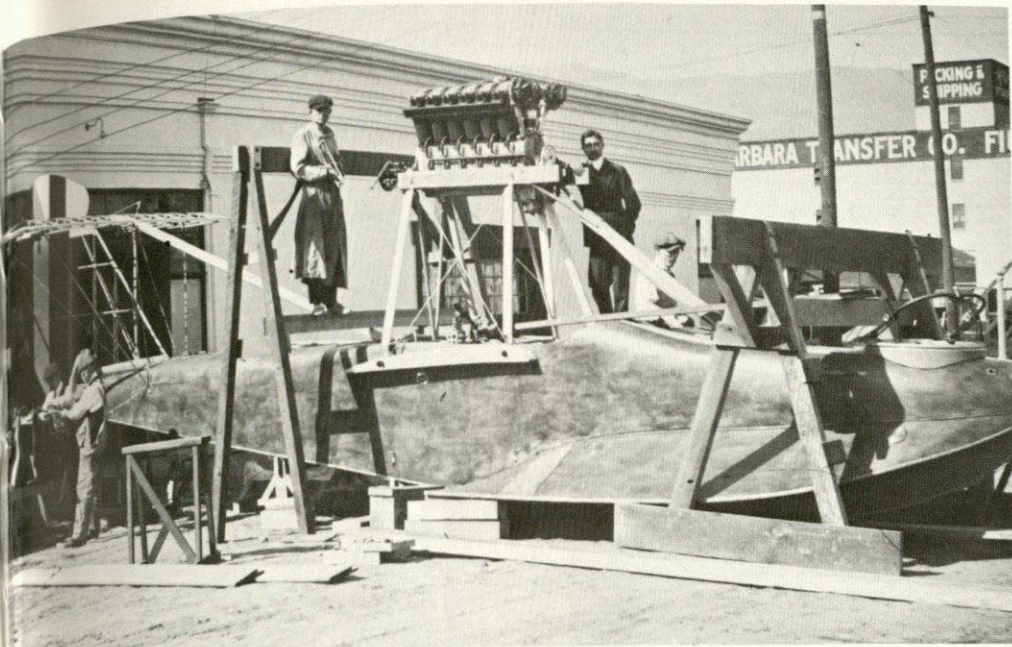
house at 223 West Valerio Street. After searching the town for a suitable location for their aircraft factory, they decided to lease William Rust's vacant garage at 101 State Street, now the site of the Chrysler-Plymouth agency. While articles of incorporation were being drawn for the "Loughead Aircraft Manufacturing Company," the brothers uncrated the Model G components which were waiting in the warehouse at the end of Stearns Wharf and reassembled the plane on West Beach at the foot of Bath Street. Soon the Lougheads had a successful traffic in charter flights, taking off from a wooden ramp which sloped into the water at what is now the harbor marina.

The new corporation was financed in large part by a retired Montecito millionaire named Al Oviatt, who had made a fortune in oilcloth in Akron, Ohio. Another stockholder, Burton R. Rodman, manager of the Western Machinery & Foundry Company at 530 Anacapa Street, was president; Allen H. Loughead, vice-president; Alfred Edwards, treasurer; and Malcolm Loughead, secretary.

As Thomas M. Storke recalled in his biography, *California Editor*,

The Lougheads were geniuses when it came to aviation matters, but they knew little about business. Oviatt attempted to teach them elementary accounting, but finally gave it up as a lost cause.

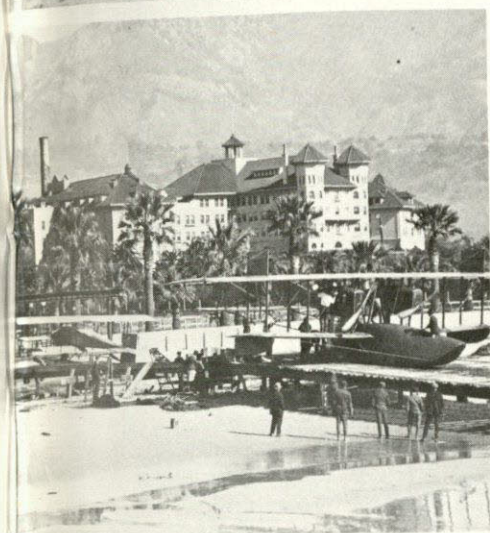
The shop foreman in charge of production was Anthony Stadlman, known in the fledgling aviation industry as a veritable wizard. A native of Bohemia, Stadlman had known the Lougheads since 1910. Although it was he who had the technical savvy to produce airplanes, Stadlman freely admitted to a phobia which was unusual, to say the least, for one in his profession: he had a deathly fear of flying. During



(Above) The work crew at Lockheed assembled its planes meticulously, spending about a year on each. Shop foreman Tony Stadlman, in dark suit, loved airplanes but refused to get in one. His motto: "If God had wanted men to fly, He would have given them wings."

(Above right) The Goleta Airport, a former cow pasture at Hollister and Fairview Avenues, boasted a 3000-foot runway.

(Left) A Lockheed crew prepares the F-1 Flying Boat for launching about 1917 near the Potter Hotel. To the left is the Model G, the first plane the Lockheed boys ever built.



his entire Santa Barbara career he refused to set foot in any of his planes if they were being readied for take-off.

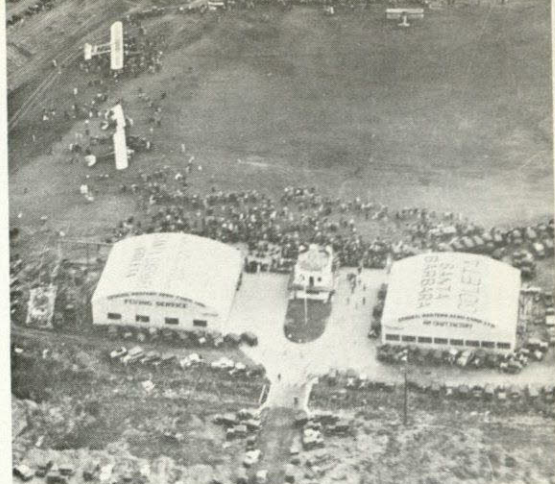
"I took my first airplane flight in 1912," Stadlman recalls. "In the next three years I walked away from three serious accidents. After the last crash in 1915, I promised my wife Gertrude that henceforth I would keep at least one foot on the ground at all times. As I used to tell the Loughead brothers, 'I prefer to be a live coward than a dead hero. I'll build your planes—you fly 'em.'" (Tony Stadlman kept his vow to remain grounded until 1977, when at the age of 91 he consented to be flown from San Jose to the Mojave Desert to witness the testing of a new Lockheed jet.)

Production began at the lower State Street factory in mid-1916. Stadlman began to notice the daily visits of a recent graduate of Santa Barbara High School, John K. "Jack" Northrop, an apprentice draftsman. Northrop, like the Loughead boys ahead of him, had been "crazy about flying" almost from infancy. He had built and flown model airplanes driven by rubber band motors, and had done aerodynamic research with balloons

and box kites. Northrop had read every word of Victor Loughead's pioneer manual on aircraft design, which fired him with the desire to make aeronautical engineering his life work. He had attended the 1915 world's fair in San Francisco, where he had taken several sightseeing flights with the Loughead brothers in their Model G seaplane.

Since the kid seemed to be underfoot all the time anyway, and because Stadlman recognized a budding talent for aeronautics, the shop foreman offered Northrop a job. Northrop promptly accepted and eventually became the chief stress engineering designer for the company. In Stadlman's words, "Jack was the most important man in our operation. He was the glue that held together the Loughead Aircraft Company during its formative years in Santa Barbara."

The Santa Barbara operation was not geared for mass production; in fact, only five planes were built between 1916 and 1921, each meticulously hand-crafted under the most stringent quality control. The first ten-passenger seaplane built here, the two-motored F-1, had a 74-foot wingspread, making it the era's largest plane. Its design, incorporating many of Jack Northrop's innovative ideas, was 40 years ahead of its time. The F-1's triple rudders were copied on the Constellation airliners of the 1950s.



The F-1 was ready for testing only a few weeks before America declared war on Germany in April, 1917. The formal launching took place on West Beach in front of today's municipal plunge. Its first passenger was America's most popular movie ingenue, Mary Miles Minter, then under contract to the Flying 'A' studio in the heyday of the American Film Company's operations in Santa Barbara. (See *Santa Barbara Magazine*, Fall 1977.) Her sightseeing flight to the Channel Islands and back made headlines from Los Angeles to London.

With the United States at war, the F-1 prototype came to the attention of the U.S. Navy air arm. Jack Northrop had been drafted into the Army and was a private in the Signal Corps at Camp Lewis, Washington, when he read that Allen Loughead had flown the F-1 from Santa Barbara to the North Island naval base in San Diego for official military testing. The 180-mile over-the-water flight was made in 181 minutes, a new record.

The F-1 passed the Navy's rigorous flight tests easily, but for various technical reasons the coveted government contract was awarded to the Loughead brothers' long-time friend and professional rival, Glenn Curtiss, who had designed and built an aircraft designated as the HS2L. The Lougheads did win a defense contract to produce three of the Curtiss planes on a cost-plus-12½% basis. During 1918 their State Street factory hummed with the work of 85 men.

The Navy, hard pressed to find trained designers in the small manpower pool of the infant aircraft industry, borrowed Jack Northrop from the Army Signal Corps on an indefinite furlough status. After fifteen months wasted in khaki, Northrop returned to Santa Barbara to work for the Lougheads.

Pontoons for the big Navy planes were molded from plywood, using concrete forms which resembled bathtubs. The forms were located in a vacant lot next door to the Californian Hotel, a block south of the Loughead plant, and they remained there for 30 years, mistaken by strolling tourists for horse troughs or children's wading pools.

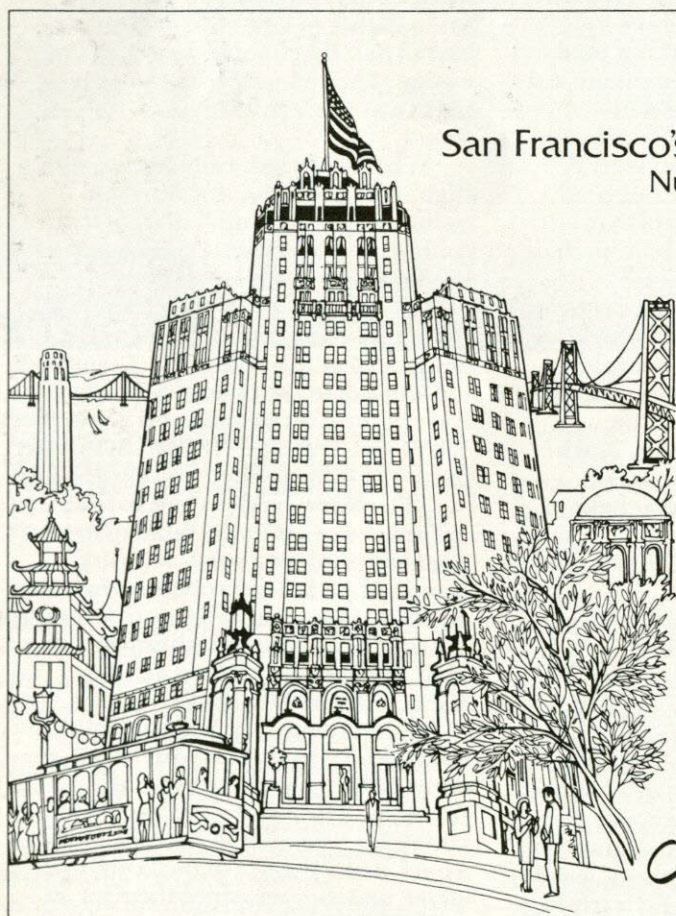
Marge Elmes

Ann Kistler
Pat Morris
Judy Lindow
Jane Allen
Dottie Brandt
Nell Kemble
Gen Peterson



Elmes Travel

516 San Ysidro Road in Montecito, Plaza del Sol
Telephone 805/969-5096



San Francisco's Finest Location Number One Nob Hill

Cable cars stop
at your doorstep.
Tourist attractions
and shopping are just
moments away.
Plus...the world-famous
Top of the Mark and
Nob Hill Restaurant
are right in your hotel.
Come. Enjoy the
grand style of
The Mark.

In California
call your travel agent
or dial toll free
direct to the hotel
for reservations.
800-652-1402

THE
Mark Hopkins
AN INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL

The Lougheads also redesigned the F-1, at a cost of \$10,000, as a land-based aircraft. To test it, Stadlman and Northrop had to make do with the most primitive of equipment. Since the Santa Barbara facility had no wind tunnel, Northrop would fabricate miniature models of wing sections and place them in a glass tube. A workman would puff cigar smoke through the tube, enabling Stadlman and Northrop to study the turbulence patterns set up by the various airfoils.

The remodeled plane, dubbed the F-1, was so successful that the Loughead brothers decided to fly it back to Washington, D.C. The plan was canceled due to the Armistice of November 11, 1918, which ended the war. But the Lougheads later decided to carry through with their transcontinental flight, knowing that the tremendous publicity would help the company get orders for their planes in the anticipated boom in postwar civilian aircraft.

The F-1A flight brought an avalanche of publicity, all right, but it was negative. Everything went well until the big plane reached Gila Bend, Arizona, where engine trouble forced an emergency landing in the desert. The disgruntled brothers shipped the damaged craft back to Santa Barbara by rail, abandoning the overland flight. It was decided to refit the plane with its pontoon landing gear. The cost of this conversion was recovered during the summer of 1919 as hundreds of tourists paid \$5 each to take short sightseeing flights.

In October 1919, Santa Barbara and the Lougheads made headlines when the U.S. State Department chartered the rebuilt F-1 to give Their Majesties King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium a pleasure flight during their week-long visit at Casa Dorinda in Montecito. The royal couple were so impressed by their first aerial ride that they bestowed the Order of the Belgian Golden Crown upon Malcolm and Allen.

The F-1 also became a workhorse for the movie studios in Santa Barbara, which paid a fee of \$150 per hour to have a camera, cameraman and director transported into the clouds to film scenes for war thrillers. Eventually the historic prototype was sold to Los Angeles promoters, who planned to establish shuttle service between Long Beach and Catalina Island. The scheme ran out of funds before the service could be inaugurated and the proud old Loughead seaplane wound up an abandoned hulk on the beach near Avalon's casino, where it eventually disintegrated.

It was in 1919 that the Loughead brothers, weary of being nicknamed "log heads," legally changed the spelling of

got it!



chameleon

706 State St., Santa Barbara
686 Linden Ave., Carpinteria

their Norwegian name to its phonetic equivalent, thus putting "Lockheed" into the pantheon of brand names in American aviation.

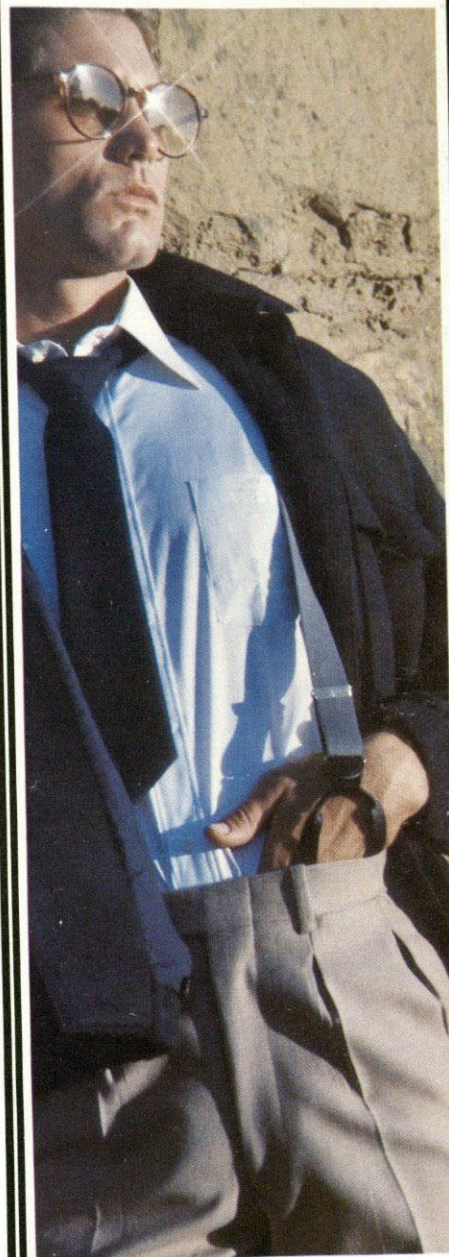
The anticipated postwar boom in civilian aircraft did not materialize. The market was glutted with surplus military planes, especially the Curtiss JN-4 training model, the famous "Jenny," equipped with OX5 Liberty engines. These could be purchased from war surplus outlets for only \$400, making them as ubiquitous in American skies as the Model-T Ford on American roads.

Flying schools sprang up all over Southern California. In Santa Barbara, one of them opened at the city's first airport late in 1919, when two fliers from Pasadena, Frank Croxford and Dick Poppic, opened the "Zenith Aviation Company and Flying School" on land that is now the municipal golf course. The terrain proved too hilly for a landing strip, however, so Zenith leased some frontage on East Beach between Milpas Street and the Bird Refuge. They called it the Corona del Mar Air Field.

Santa Barbara's Hudson-Essex dealer, C. L. Ross, volunteered his two-story home at 433 Orilla del Mar to serve as an airport terminal, complete with a windsock dangling from its cupola. A sheet-iron hangar, Santa Barbara's first such structure, was erected on the site of today's Santa Barbara Inn. A high school youth, Albert "Dutch" Steinert, was hired to drive a small Fordson tractor to fill and grade a rudimentary runway. (It followed the present Orilla del Mar behind the Mar Monte Hotel, which did not exist in 1919.) Steinert took his pay in flying lessons.

Croxford and Poppic contributed an important, but brief footnote to Santa Barbara's aviation saga, for their flying school soon folded. An instructor, Dave Matthews, was giving a flying lesson to one George McGowan when their Jenny went into a flat spin and crashed into the sea 150 yards off Mrs. James Douglas' private wharf, now the Biltmore pier. Dutch Steinert witnessed the crash from shore and rowed a skiff out to the scene of Santa Barbara's first fatal airplane accident, arriving in time to rescue Matthews. A Larco fishing boat towed the wreckage to Stearns Wharf, where the body of McGowan was extricated from the cockpit. The resulting bad publicity, plus the loss of their Jenny trainer, put Zenith out of business, and Santa Barbara's pioneer airport ceased to exist.

During its short life span, however, the Corona del Mar Air Field supplied a few items of historical trivia. A Hollywood stunt flier named Lockleer landed there with a Shetland pony consigned to the Horse Show at the Potter Hotel. He claimed it was the first time in American aviation history that a large



for casual attire, Cacharel in all-natural fabrics: wool flannel trousers, cotton shirts by Calvin Klein, navy blue blouson jacket... elegance that is only Cacharel.

St. James

coast village road, montecito 969-4880

animal had been transported by air freight. The first night landings made in Santa Barbara were at the Corona del Mar; flashlights and the headlights of automobiles were used to help pilots find the strip after dark. In 1922, a pilot named Frank Vaughn misjudged his approach to the Milpas Street runway and crashed inside the Santa Barbara Cemetery. His grieving family bought a grave plot there and buried Vaughn on the spot where the fatal crash occurred.

In 1920 a flamboyant man named Earle Lewis Ovington arrived from New York to establish the so-called Casa Loma Air Field, with a 1500-foot runway which paralleled today's McCaw Avenue flanking the eleventh fairway of the city's golf course. Ovington had achieved minor celebrity through his claim of being America's first air mail pilot, having delivered a bundle of letters exchanged by the mayors of two towns on Long Island back in 1911.

Ovington's airport had no runway markers, no lights, no refueling or repair facilities, and no hangar except for a small building at the west end of McCaw Avenue where Ovington stored his own aircraft. But during the 1920s such aviation greats as Charles Lindbergh, Hap Arnold, Amelia Earhart and Jimmy Doolittle landed there. (Contrary to a belief widely held by old timers, the monoplane flown by Lindbergh to Santa

Barbara was *not* the *Spirit of St. Louis*, but an exact replica presented to Lindy following his momentous solo flight to Paris in May of 1927.)

By now, the Lockheed factory in Santa Barbara was defunct. Brother Malcolm quit the company following his invention and testing of four-wheel hydraulic automobile brakes, first demonstrated on Anacapa Street in 1919. He sold his invention to Walter P. Chrysler for use on Maxwell and Chalmers cars. The Lockheeds moved their plant to Burbank in 1921, ending Santa Barbara's brief heyday as an aircraft production center. Jack Northrop left in 1923 to become chief engineer for Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica. During World War II he headed his own corporation, Northrop Aviation, which produced the Flying Wing, the Scorpion jet fighter and the ICBM "Snark." In 1954 he retired to a home in Hope Ranch.

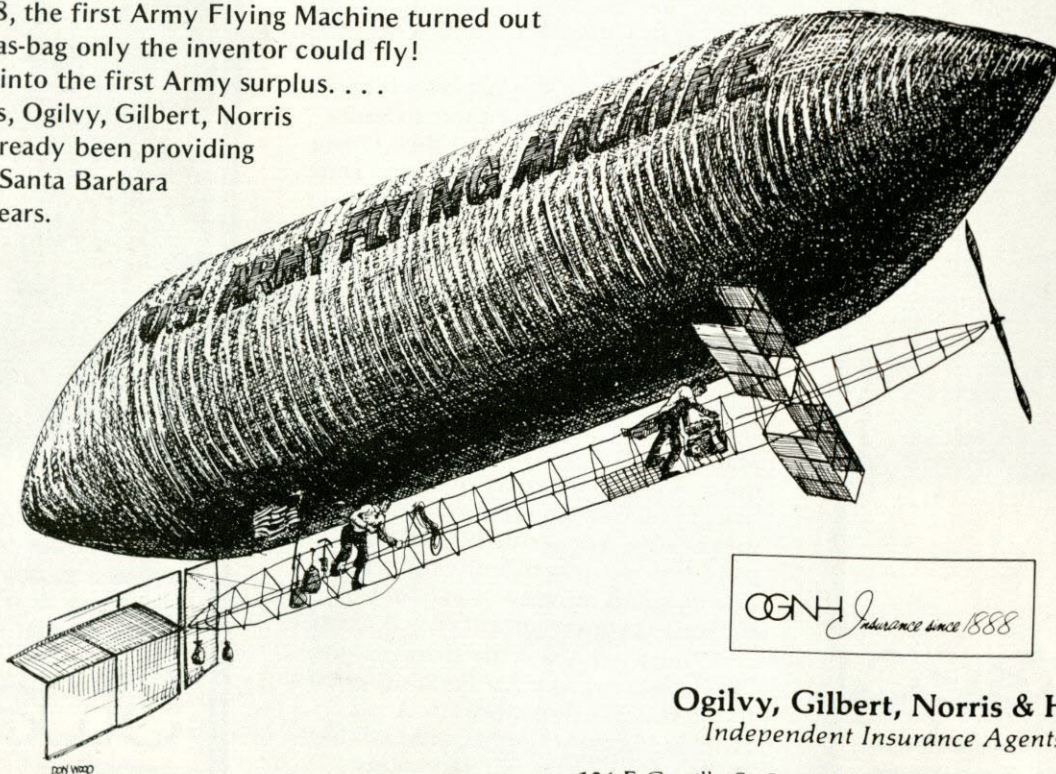
With the Lockheeds gone, Earle Ovington found himself the central figure in Santa Barbara aviation, while the Bauhaus brothers, Frank, Will, Lewis and Jack, were his counterparts in Carpinteria. They constructed a plane in a shop behind a store at Linden Avenue and Seventh Street. The "flying keg," which used laminated wood instead of fabric, was test-flown from J. W. Bailard's lima bean patch on April 28, 1920, but it crashed a month later due to

faulty design of the tail assembly, killing Will and seriously injuring Louis. When Louis died in an attempted landing at Casa Loma, Ovington began looking for another location. An 80-acre farm on the Mesa belonging to the estate of Captain C. P. Low seemed ideal. Ovington obtained government permission to establish an airport there after proving that the largest commercial plane then flying, the trimotored Ford "Tin Goose," could land and take off there successfully, but his plans were quashed when oil was discovered on the Mesa and wooden derricks sprouted on the proposed runway.

Goleta became the center of local aviation in 1928 when Gordon Sackett and Royce Stetson leased a cow pasture near Hollister and Fairview Avenues and used a county road grader to skin the brush off a 3000-foot runway extending to the Goleta Slough. A Lockheed competitor, General Western Aircraft Corporation, set up a factory near the Goleta airport where several Meteor planes, said to be the first to use metal instead of wooden propellers, were produced. This firm went bankrupt in 1932.

In the spring of 1936 Burton and Jessie Bundy opened their Santa Barbara Flying Service at Goleta, spelling the end of Casa Loma Air Field. The Bundys, based in two hangars which still exist,

Back in 1908, the first Army Flying Machine turned out to be a big gas-bag only the inventor could fly! So it turned into the first Army surplus. . . . In those days, Ogilvy, Gilbert, Norris & Hill had already been providing insurance in Santa Barbara for twenty years.



Ogilvy, Gilbert, Norris & Hill
Independent Insurance Agents

126 E. Carrillo St. Santa Barbara

391 First St. Solvang

continued in business until 1961. More than 1000 people gathered near the Bundy hangars on October 1, 1936, when United Air Lines landed a ten-passenger Boeing "air liner" to inaugurate daily commercial flights to and from Santa Barbara.

In February 1941 the voters of Santa Barbara passed a \$149,000 bond issue to develop a full-scale airport at Goleta. The task of filling in swampland to provide longer runways was under way when the attack on Pearl Harbor plunged America into World War II. The Navy took over the airport for the war's duration, spending more than \$9,000,000 in converting it to a modern training base for Marine combat pilots. (Their barracks later became the nucleus of UCSB.)

At war's end the government turned the magnificent airport back to the city. Included were dozens of buildings which were quickly filled with tenants, mostly engaged in smokeless industry. City Hall envisioned enriching its coffers with sales and business taxes, but city attorney Stanley Tomlinson explained that this posed a problem.

"Santa Barbara is free to own property outside its borders," Tomlinson explained, "but under California law you can't collect sales taxes from tenants of that property unless it is geographically contiguous with the city itself. The only answer is to acquire title to a connecting

strip of land, like an umbilical cord."

Goleta Valley's burgeoning postwar population made it impossible to negotiate with landowners. Besides, they resented the city's planting a noisy jet airport in their midst while depriving any future city of Goleta from airport tax revenues. The Southern Pacific refused to part with even a yard-wide strip of land along its right of way.

Then Mayor John Rickard's office came up with a far-fetched scheme: what was to prevent the city from annexing a ribbon of ocean bottom under its three-mile-limit oil sanctuary, thus providing, in a technical sense, continuous city land from Arroyo Burro Beach to the airport? Strenuous objections to this unorthodox bit of boundary shuffling were immediately forthcoming from the powerful Pacific Lighting Gas Supply Corporation, which controlled the mineral rights to extensive strata of porous quartz sand beneath the ocean floor. Here gas was injected under high pressure for storage until it was needed by customers. Pacific Lighting would vigorously resist any attempt by the city to gain tax control on the sea bottom above their storage facility.

In 1960, attorney Tomlinson submitted for State approval what is probably the most extreme example of gerrymandering in the trick-filled annals of American politics. The *Goleta Gazette*

in 1965 described it as "an unprecedented monument to legal sharpness which still rankles Goleta old-timers." A strip of the ocean's surface, 300 feet wide by 37,000 feet long, and existing in theory only, would link Santa Barbara's western boundary with the 570-acre airport at Goleta.

Incredible as it seems, the plan was approved by State authorities (who moved quickly to plug legal loopholes and prevent similar coups by other coastal cities). Thus the municipal airport became a "contiguous" part of the city, which from then on collected the lucrative tax revenues from airport tenants.

What if two ships collided while traversing the city-owned strip of ocean water? The city council was willing to run the risk of such a horrendous event, but the possibility makes liability insurance experts shudder.

Today Santa Barbara's airport is a bustling operation geared to the jet age. It is the home base of Forest Service fire-fighting bombers, the unique Pregnant Guppy, and many aviation-oriented businesses. But if a citizen set out to walk the nine miles from City Hall to the control tower without setting foot off city-owned property, he would have to duplicate a miracle that has happened only once in two milleniums—at the Sea of Galilee.

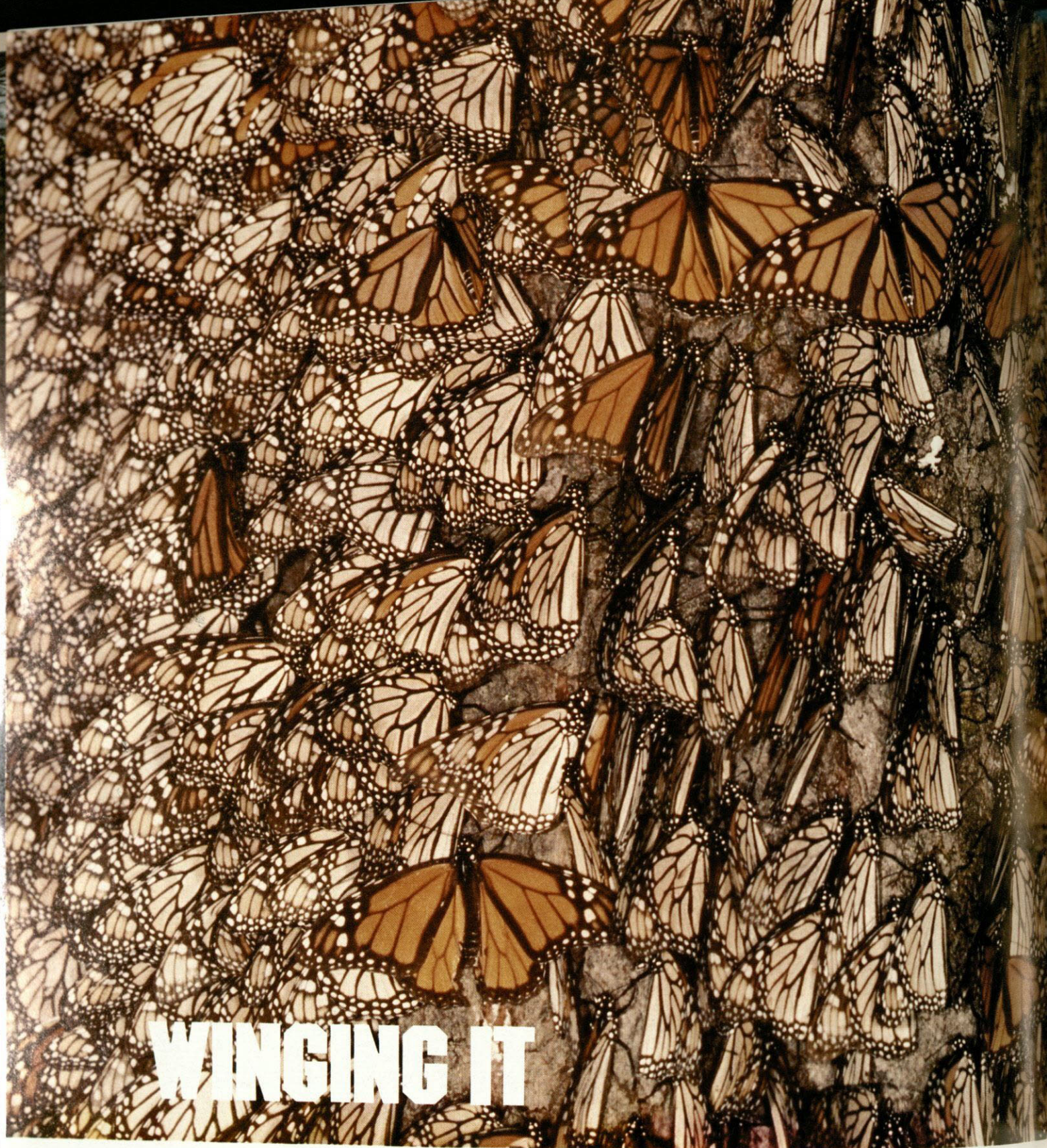
The Gold Chain Supermarket

THE FINEST SOLID GOLD JEWELRY AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Over 50 styles of chains to choose from starting at \$16. Custom Jewelry and Repair Service

Picoadilly Square, Santa Barbara

Over 50 styles of chains to choose from starting at \$16. Custom Jewelry and Repair Service



WINGING IT



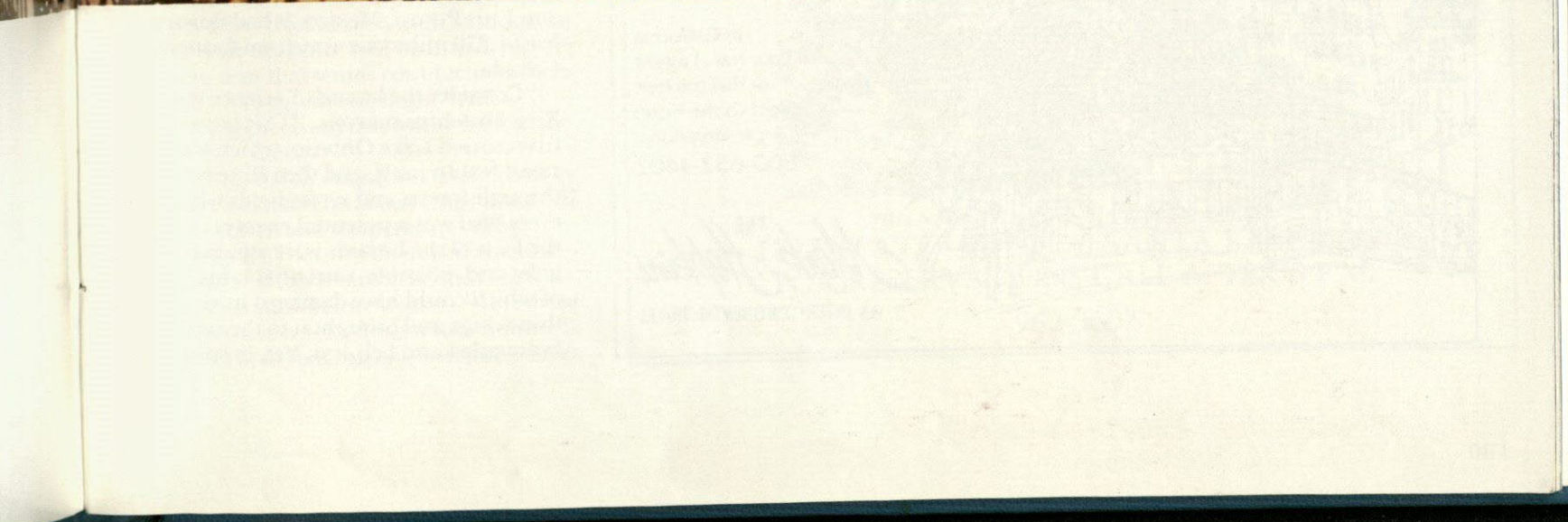
LARRY FRIESEN

THE EROTIC DANCE OF THE MONARCH BY JERRY DUNN

*Through the air, prayin' for this moment to last
Livin' on the music so fine
Float on the wing, makin' it mine. — "Night Fever"*

They fly together in rhythm, like disco dancers dressed in their gaudy best, a flock of exhibitionists bent on casual courtship. At the moment when everything feels "right"—the late winter sun is warm, the day is long—when nature's seasonal pulsation of light and heat whispers a hormonal "Yes," the pursuit begins, male monarch butterflies mingling with females in a whirling, flashing dance of love. Every move is perfect.

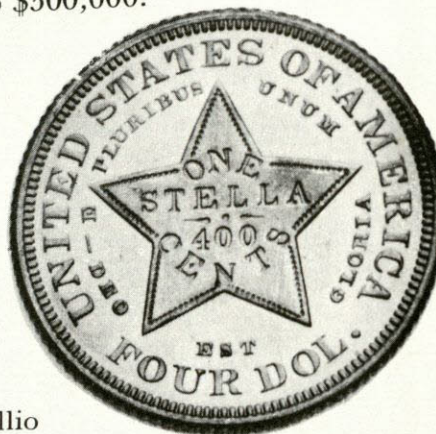
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE LEPP



Ronald J. Gillio Inc., Santa Barbara's most experienced numismatist and rare coin dealer. Specializing in numismatic rare coin, investment portfolios \$200. to \$300,000.



1879 \$4 gold piece sold recently by Ronald J. Gillio Inc. for \$80,000.



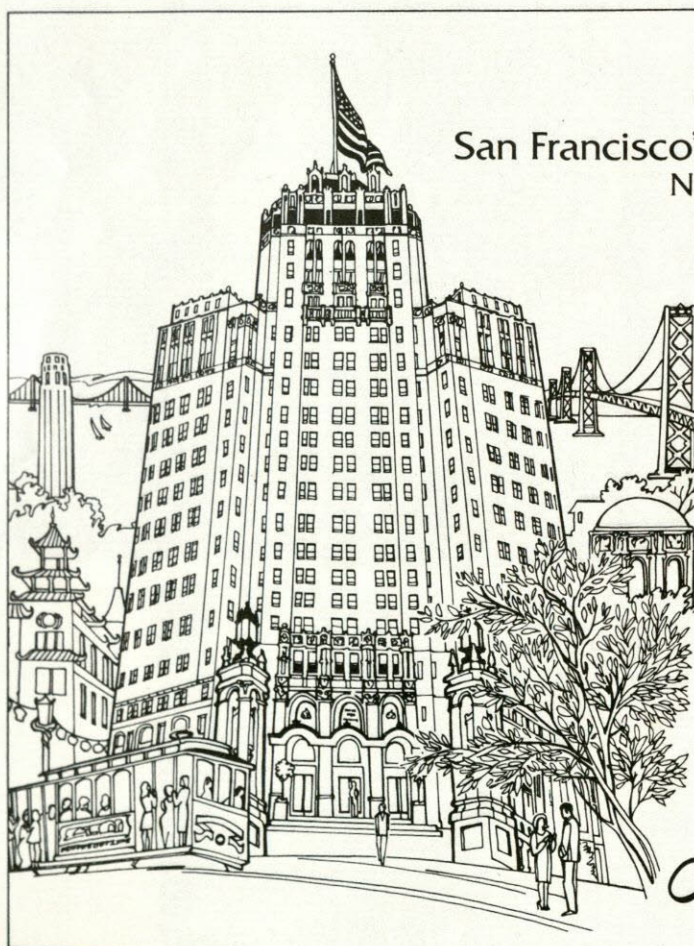
(ENLARGED)

Appraisals made for banks, individuals, estates, attorneys . . . member Appraisers Association of America.

RONALD J. GILLIO, INC.



1103 State Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(805) 963-1345



San Francisco's Finest Location Number One Nob Hill

Cable cars stop at your doorstep. Tourist attractions and shopping are just moments away. Plus...the world-famous Top of the Mark and Nob Hill Restaurant are right in your hotel. Come. Enjoy the grand style of The Mark.

In California call your travel agent or dial toll free direct to the hotel for reservations.
800-652-1402

THE Mark Hopkins.
AN INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL

*This is the only way that we should fly
This is the only way to go
And if I lose your love
I know I would die...*

—“Night Fever”

It's true: the dance is a matter of life and death. In order to survive, the monarch, that disco dragon with a brain the size of a pinhead, has evolved a social strategy of awesome elegance.

*Whether you're a brother or whether
you're a mother
You're stayin' alive, stayin' alive
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Stayin' alive!*

—“Stayin' Alive”

Staying alive: like anybody else, the monarch has to eat. Its family name—Danaidae—reveals that it is one of the milkweed-eating butterflies whose food, during the past few million years, spread all across North America, more than 100 species of it, an endless snack bar for butterflies. The monarch caterpillar, within two weeks of its emergence, gorges itself so relentlessly on milkweed leaves that its original weight multiplies by 2,700 times.

A six-pound baby growing at the same pace would weigh eight tons.

At one time, though, monarchs faced a food problem. They had evolved in the tropics and couldn't survive the killing winters of the north. Unless they could develop a workable strategy, they would be locked away from their immense larder behind a barrier of cold.

The solution was simple; yet, in the cryptic language of nature, far beyond human deciphering. The butterflies began to migrate like birds. New generations would feed all summer, then in winter fly south to the coast of California or to Mexico.

*I want to put on
Mah mah mah mah mah boogie shoes.*
—“Boogie Shoes”

The long-distance flying record of one of these travelers outdoes anything in Guinness. A tagged monarch was recovered in the small town of Catorce in San Luis Potosí, Mexico. It had flown at least 1,870 miles one-way from Eastern Canada.

“Consider the hazards,” science writer Ross Hutchins marvels. “This butterfly first crossed Lake Ontario, which was no small feat in itself, and then flitted on through forests and across fields where every bird was a potential enemy.... Not the least of the hazards were winds and gales and, possibly, torrential rains, any of which could have damaged its paper-thin wings and brought it to the earth, bedraggled and helpless. Yet, in spite of

all these possible tragedies, this butterfly traveled nearly 2,000 miles."

The butterflies find their way to the same roosting sites year after year, and the haunting question is How? As many as 30 million of them cling to the pines and firs of a recently-discovered four-acre slope in the mountains of Michoacan, Mexico, like galaxies of paper stars on Christmas trees. But none of them has ever been there before. They are the remote descendants of the flock from the winter before, generations removed.

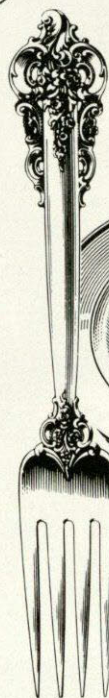
Bands of monarchs actually follow the same flight paths through the skies each autumn. One column was observed crossing Lake Ontario when they suddenly zigged to the east for awhile, then zagged south again. "Later swarms went through this same maneuver as if they were following a map," Hutchins reports. Why? No one knows.

Inborn sun compasses and sensitivity to the magnetic poles have been proposed as explanations. Or it may be that male monarchs mark trails of scent across the sky with special cells located in pockets on their hind wings—trails which the females, miraculously, follow. Left behind on trees, this scent may guide later generations as they home in year after year on the same roosts.

California is a favorite destination for "over-wintering," as the semi-dormant seasonal roosting of the monarchs is called. The butterflies fill special groves of eucalyptus and Monterey pine from San Francisco to San Diego, the most famous resort being on the Monterey shore. Every October for at least a century they have thronged the town of Pacific Grove, where they are welcomed with a parade staged by local children in butterfly get-ups, and protected by City Ordinance No. 352, which states that it shall be illegal "to molest or interfere with in any way the peaceful occupancy of the Monarch Butterflies on their annual visit to the City..." A \$5000 fine stands behind the law.

In Santa Barbara the monarchs form dense colonies on the grounds of the Music Academy of the West, at Dos Pueblos Ranch, and in sites near UCSB. They select trees near enough to the ocean that their residence will be frost-free, yet not so near that winds could scatter them wildly through the treetops. With unerring precision they know their place, and their time.

The monarch migration is triggered by nature's clock. The alarm rings when fall days shorten and temperatures drop, setting off a complex chemical reaction in each new-born butterfly, making the last generation before winter unlike those which came before. Sexual functioning is repressed, so that egg and sperm are never



*For over 108 years...
We are known by the
company we keep*

SILVER

Kirk
Lunt
Gorham
Stieff
Tuttle
Wallace
Heirloom
International
Reed & Barton

CHINA

Adams
Denby
Heath
Lenox
Spode
Herend
Minton
Aynsley
Pickard
Ceralene
Noritake
Wedgwood
Franciscan
Royal Doulton
Villeroy-Boch
Bing & Grondahl
Hutschenreuther
Royal Worcester
Royal Copenhagen
Royal Crown Derby

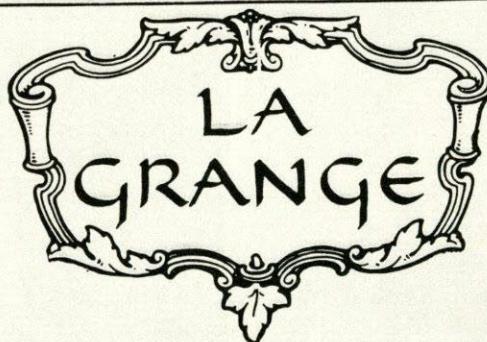
CRYSTAL

Kusak
Lenox
Gorham
Josair
Milnor
Riedel
Atlantis
Baccarat
Orrefors
Fostoria
Waterford
Franciscan

Hunts
Since 1871

CHINA · CRYSTAL · SILVER · GIFTS
12 E. CARRILLO—DOWNTOWN

90 Minutes Free Parking in New City Lot Behind Store.
Enter from Canon Perdido St. or Anacapa.



AUTHENTIC FRENCH CUISINE

SERVED IN A COZY COUNTRY INN ATMOSPHERE

—OPEN FOR DINNER ONLY—



TUES.-SAT. 6 P.M.—10 P.M. CLOSED SUN. & MON.

1327 STATE (AT SOLA) SANTA BARBARA
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL AFTER 3 P.M.

962-5607



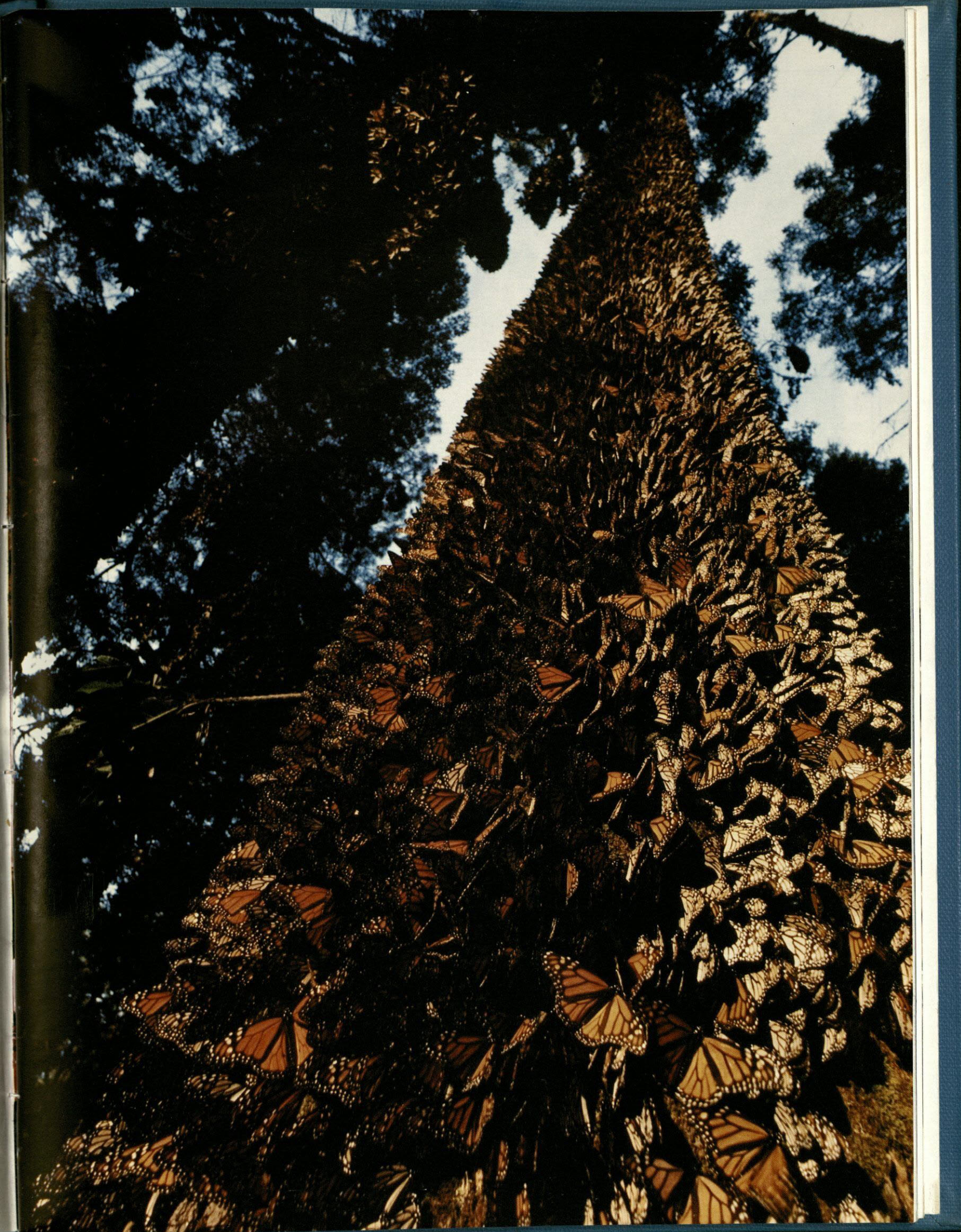
produced. (Birth control in butterflies? Inconceivable!) Courtship stops. No energy is frittered away before the long flight.

Soon they will face south, almost as if they were tiny scraps of iron being aligned by magnetic force. But the force they follow is that of natural selection: only successful migrants will survive the winter to mate in spring. To stay behind is to freeze.

As the butterflies form into clusters they prove another of nature's principles:

(Top) Monarchs settle in sunshine to drink the dew, opening their wings to the warmth. They must keep their flight muscles warm enough to permit instant escape in case of intrusion by birds, browsing cattle, or men waving nets. (Above left) In February the heat of courtship overcomes the golden slumber of winter. The butterflies rise into the air in a mad dance. As male and female unite (above right) they fall together to earth to couple in privacy.

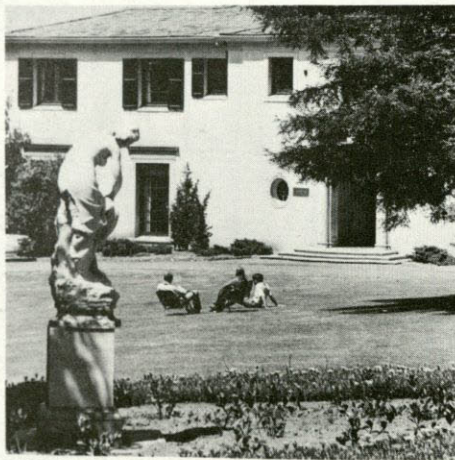
(Opposite) A wondrous world of wings—with unerring instinct, new generations of monarchs return year after year to the traditional winter roosts of their ancestors. How the insects find their way to these trees over hundreds—or thousands—of miles remains a mystery. Such special groves can be found near the Music Academy of the West and Butterfly Lane, where at certain times of year the world has the look of a dream.



KEVIN JOYCE GETS MORE CURTAIN CALLS.

KEVIN JOYCE DRAPERIES
Call 963-0831 today for a free home estimate.

L.A. vs Santa Barbara



KERRWOOD HALL

In 1945 we made the right choice for Westmont's permanent home. Santa Barbara provided a special atmosphere where our academic excellence flourished. We also felt unique as one of the few liberal arts colleges with a spiritual dimension. Known for our high educational standards we graduate leaders in all walks of life. Our achievements are shared with an unselfish community who devotes their attention and financial support to ensure our future. For this we are proud to call Santa Barbara our home.



955 La Paz Road Santa Barbara CA 93108

Westmont College admits students of all races, colors, national and ethnic origins.

safety lies in numbers. They can erupt together in a massive warning display against predatory birds, a bluff which works for an intriguing reason. Some monarchs are poisonous. (As caterpillars they fed on and stored the toxins from poisonous milkweed varieties.) A bird who samples one of the unpalatable butterflies will commence an unforgettable round of vomiting, prompting it to strike poisonous monarchs from its menu. By clustering, the identical-looking *non*-poisonous butterflies can hide among the baneful, and so, perfectly camouflaged, avoid the clacking beaks of destruction.

As the days grow longer in late January, pre-programmed romantic notions pop into the insects' tiny heads. The cluster, so long in quiet, begins to pulsate. Wings open to the warmth, color falls across the dull canvas of folded butterflies like bright pigment laid on by an unseen hand.

All their lives the butterflies have pointed toward this moment. From their birth, three to 12 days after being deposited as an egg on the underside of a milkweed leaf; through two weeks of non-stop eating as a caterpillar and five sheddings of skin; past the violent dislodging of the last larval layer to reveal the chrysalis—an ethereal blue-green chamber flecked with gold—which will shelter the miracle of metamorphosis.

The larval cells begin to die, while adult cells begin to grow under the advanced tutelage of hormones. The tissues of the crawling caterpillar are torn down and rebuilt into forms suited for life in the air: wings, and a tube-like mouth for gathering nectar, to replace the leaf-gobbling jaws of the caterpillar.

After two weeks the chrysalis turns transparent and the butterfly cracks its way into the world, angel-winged.

As the caterpillar specialized in eating, the butterfly specializes in reproducing after its kind. The emerging butterfly's first thought is to mate.

*Oh girl I've known you very well
I've seen you growin' every day
I never really looked before
But now you take my breath away.*
—“More Than A Woman”

Late February brings a mating dance when the skies fill, and nature glories in being made flesh. The dance is traditional, the steps always the same. Males pursue their chosen partners in mid-air.

*You should be dancin', yeah!
Dancin', yeah!*
—“You Should Be Dancin'”

When he captures a mate they fall together to earth. He grasps the tip of her

abdomen with his claspers; usually she turns her abdomen out of reach (a behavior scientists have termed "rejection"). The male strokes her head with his antennae. She submits. Usually.

Satisfaction
Came in a chain reaction
The heat was on!
Risin' to the top—
Everybody goin' strong
That was when my spark got hot
—"Disco Inferno"

After their union the female grows quiet, holding her wings together and remaining united with the male for as long as several hours. Finally he may carry her off, flying high as she hangs calmly from his abdomen, her wings folded—like some princess being carried away on a charger, her fate now mingled with that of her knight.

But the unions are fleeting. The mating dance is frenetic and random, and repeated with a number of partners with equal intensity. In the end, each butterfly goes home alone.

You come to me on a summer's breeze
Keep me warm in your love
Then you softly leave...
—"How Deep Is Your Love?"

The females tend to leave the colony first, laying eggs along the northward route, leaving the males to follow.

Soon all the monarchs are following the paths of the sky. They fly north at 10 to 30 miles an hour while the milkweed plants which will nourish their offspring are thrusting shoots through the spring soil. If insects have a memory, perhaps they remember their six-legged sweethearts in a cloud of flickering light and color. A memory of the air in flame.

Burn, baby, burn
Disco inferno!

Oooh! To my surprise
A hundred stories high
The folks was flamin'!
Out of control—
It was so entertainin'
When the boogie started to flow.
—"Disco Inferno"

All song lyrics are from the Robert Stigwood production, "Saturday Night Fever."

The author thanks Lincoln Brower of Amherst College and Adrian Wenner of UCSB for their help in providing information for this article. Mistakes, if any, belong to the author.

b

link chain bracelet, 14K

twist bracelet, 18K

Gucci chain, 14K

bryant & sons ltd.
 master jewelers • designers • gemologists
 812 state street in el paseo
 santa barbara 966-9187

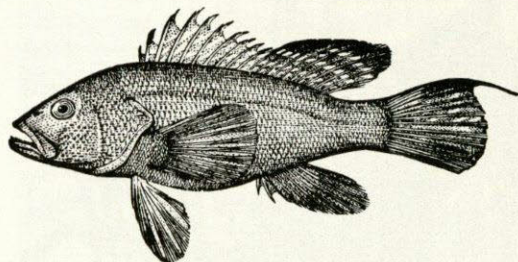
FINE MUSIC
 AND DANCING
 IN A COMFORTABLE,
 RELAXING ATMOSPHERE...

Peppers

27 WEST CANON PERDIDO
 4 P.M. TO 2 A.M. NIGHTLY



THE FISHERMEN



PROUD HUNTERS OF THE SEA BY JACK STUSTER

LONG BEFORE BACKYARD ROOSTERS signaled the approaching day, the rumble of old trucks had broken the stillness at the Santa Barbara harbor. There was no question about it: fishermen are early risers. Although later in the day the breakwater would be crowded with sightseers and sunbathers, at 4 o'clock in the morning only fishermen were about, preparing for their day's work. The harbor had a special quality at this hour, especially in the fog; rows of sailboats and a forest of masts rocked gently with the surge as the fishing boats glided by in single file. Except for the stirrings of fishermen, night's deep silence was yet unbroken.

Jackson Castagnola is one of the earliest to arrive each morning. This was my first opportunity to go fishing with him and I didn't want to be late. Actually, I was going along to observe him fish and perhaps to record the process, as anthropologists do, so that future generations will know how men fished during the last quarter of the 20th century. Jackson was prompt and he greeted me with a smile that was only possible for someone familiar with this hour of the day.

As we descended the ramp leading to the fishermen's slips, the "Vincent K" emerged silently from the fog a few hundred feet away. It was Red Allen returning from Point Conception. He fishes at night when the sea bass can't see his net. Jackson mentioned that it was probably a very good catch since the "Vincent K" was riding so low in the water.

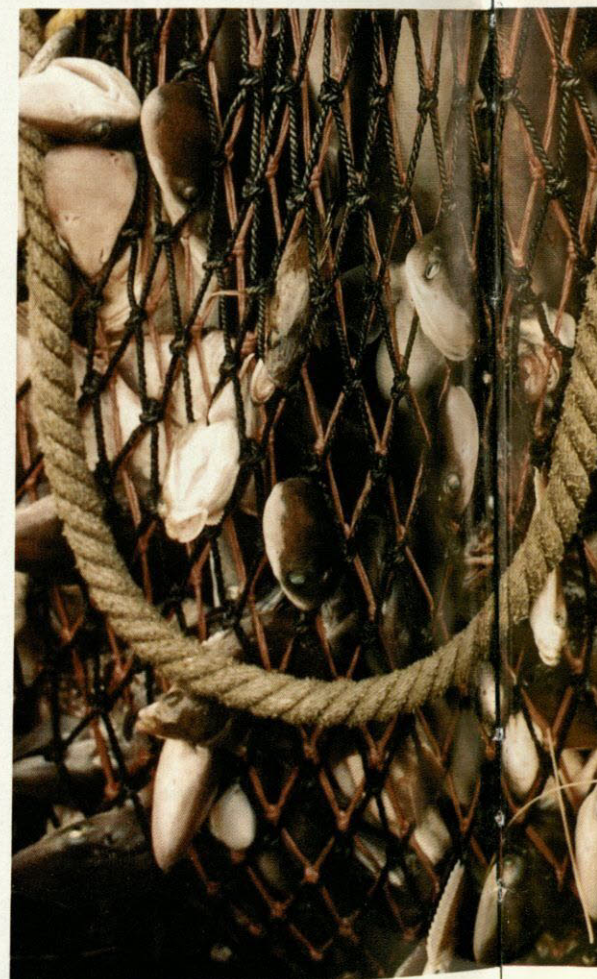
I watched Red maneuver close to Navy pier and tie up under the fish hoist. It was only 15 years ago that fishermen won approval from the city to have their own hoist. Before that, fishermen were forced to sell to one of three local buyers if they wanted to unload their fish in

Santa Barbara. It has been even more recently that fishermen were granted slip facilities. Until about three years ago, commercial fishing vessels were moored in the open areas of the harbor, and the fishermen got to and from their boats by rowing. Red fought for fishermen's slips for years before they were allowed. "Why can't working men have the same facilities as yachtsmen?" Red asked. Slips for fishermen were finally and begrudgingly arranged as part of a general marina expansion.

Jackson disappeared into the engine room of his boat, the "Cecilia," and fired up the main engine. A few puffs of white smoke shot from the stack as the Caterpillar quickly settled into a fine-tuned throb. For fishermen, whose life and livelihood depend on such things, the sound of well-functioning machinery warms their hearts. Before I could ask what to do, Jackson had untied the lines and we were free of the dock.

The "Cecilia" was built here in Santa Barbara at the old Lindwald Boatyard, and she is the pride of the Santa Barbara fishing fleet. The boat is named affectionately after the mother of the eight Castagnola brothers. Jackson skillfully guided the "Cecilia" through the darkness and fog to Stearns Wharf. There his youngest brother, Americo—known as Mac—was waiting with empty fish boxes. He lowered them to the deck, then climbed aboard and slipped into the pilot house to make coffee. Hardly a word was exchanged on our way to the nets; I guess brothers who work together daily already know—or don't care—what the other is thinking.

As Jackson took a westerly course and set the autopilot, I was reminded that from Point Arguello to the mouth of the Ventura River, a stretch of nearly 100 miles, the coast





BOB EVANS



BOB EVANS

of California has evolved an east-west orientation: one must travel *west* to proceed *up* the coast. Although a nuisance to those unfamiliar with the area, this jag in the coastline contributes to the area's Mediterranean climate by allowing the sun to both rise and set at sea; the sun's warmth is unobstructed as it passes overhead on a course parallel to the coast.

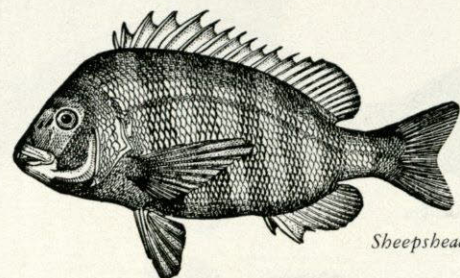
It is difficult to get a feel for local geography while one is in the midst of it. Cross-streets, boulevards and buildings tend to obstruct thinking. From the deck of a fishing boat in the Santa Barbara Channel, however, it all becomes clear. The area is dominated by a series of mountain ranges paralleling this stretch of coast and extending 200 miles inland. Several ranges are involved, including the Sierra Madre, San Rafael, Santa Ynez, and Santa Monica Mountains. I was surprised to learn that the latter, most southerly range, dips into the Pacific near Malibu and Point Dume and reappears 25 miles at sea as an archipelago of eight islands, known as the Santa Barbara Channel Islands.

Mac told me that most storms sweep into the channel from the Pacific Northwest; but these islands and the jag in the coastline tend to block the tempests' full force. Storms of a tropical origin, however, reach the area undeflected, ripping through the channel from the south. These are the "so'easters," feared by fishermen and referred to by Richard Henry Dana as "the bane of the coast of California."

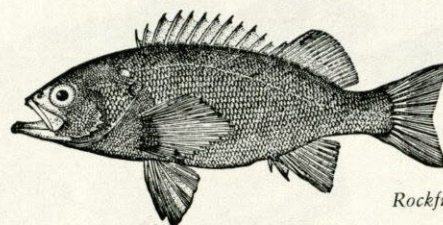
In *Two Years Before the Mast*, he wrote that:

"Between the months of November and April, which is the rainy season in this latitude, you are never safe from it, and accordingly . . . vessels are obliged, during these months, to lie at anchor at a distance of three miles from the shore, with slip ropes on their cables, ready to slip and go to sea at a moment's warning, to run before the storm."

Today, though, we would have fair skies. Sunrise in the Santa Barbara Channel is a breathtaking event, and this particular morning was graced by the sight of two grey whales at first light. They were migrating south to Baja California, following the California Current as it sweeps down the west coast as part of the great clockwise circulation of water in the North Pacific. The current is cold and rich with nutrients, fed by the frigid upwellings and many deep canyons and sea valleys along its course. Later in the year the whales' course is reversed as they follow the tropical Davidson Counter-current which flows north from Baja. The tropical current is weakest during the winter, when the California Current is propelled by northern winds, and it is strongest during the summer, when the prevailing wind is from



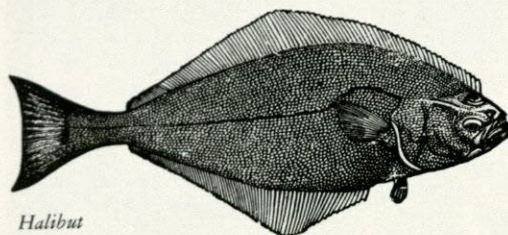
Sheepshead



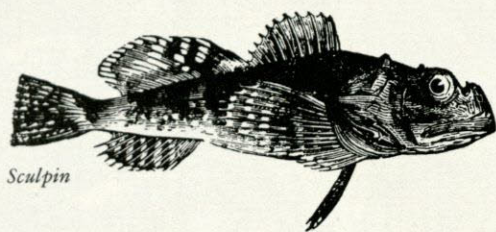
Rockfish

(Previous spread) A gill-net fisherman in search of sea bass, Mike McCorkle plys his independent occupation off Santa Cruz Island. (Far left) Crab traps are "pulled" (top), their crawling contents removed and stored live in rubber trash cans (bottom) for later sale. Men like Gordon Cota (white hat) are like fur trappers of pioneer days, independent men who meet others of their kind only at the rendezvous of the marketplace.

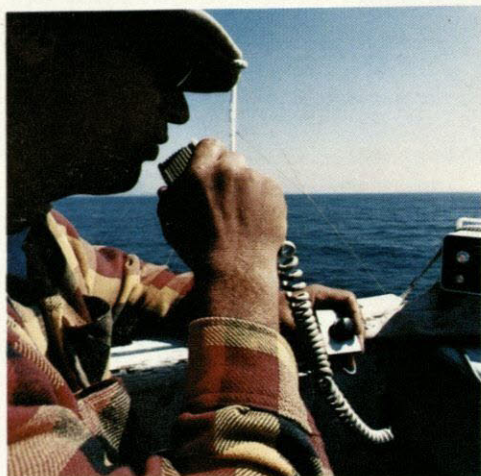
(Near left) A drag net is hauled in (top) to reveal a poor catch of dogfish, sole, and rockfish (bottom). Dogfish, also called pinback shark, were once thrown overboard as trash; now, labeled an "under-utilized species," they are being sold as markets develop.



Halibut



Sculpin



Fred Hepp engages in some serious radio conversation, perhaps in code, with other fishermen whose boats lie out of sight. This cooperation brings to each man more fish, more often; the hunters form a network which closes in on schooling fish when one member of the network spots them.

the south.

Currents flow like enormous rivers in the sea. The Santa Barbara Channel forms the interface between two current systems and between two biological zones. For this reason a greater variety of marine species is present there than in either zone separately. Some species, such as sole, rock cod, spiny lobster, and halibut are year-round residents, while others such as swordfish, sea bass, barracuda and bonito appear in the channel in response to the seasonal pulsation of the ocean's currents. Occasionally, extreme currents bring strange visitors, far past their normal ranges. Two years ago local beaches were littered with jumbo squid normally found off Peru.

It is curious that Santa Barbara, with a greater variety of fresh, local seafood than any other port on the West Coast, has never developed its potential as a seafood center. Most Santa Barbarans think of San Francisco, Monterey, or even San Diego as capitals of seafood cuisine, the irony being that the northern ports rely on Santa Barbara Channel swordfish, sea bass, abalone, and lobsters. Locally-caught red snapper frequently finds itself served in San Diego seafood restaurants. An explanation for this paradox might be found in the historical position of commercial fishermen in the Santa Barbara harbor community.

In a well-known incident during the winter of 1936, Red Allen and his father sought refuge from a southeasterly storm in Santa Barbara harbor. Although local fishermen were allowed to anchor inside the breakwater during the winter, Red and his father were not, being from Avila Beach, the next port north. Also, they made the mistake of anchoring too close to the yacht club; this was a yachtsman's harbor and a yachtsmen's harbor commission. The city police were called to remove Red Allen and his father—despite the storm.

This incident is firmly entrenched in the memories of commercial fishermen and they recall it as a prime example of their customary status in Santa Barbara. Space has always been a precious commodity in the harbor, and the concerns and aspirations of fishermen have traditionally been subordinated to those of recreational users.

As the "Cecilia" neared Goleta Beach, Jackson and Mac pointed to a spot where their father and uncle used to have a small shack during the early part of the century. They would alternate, with one brother camping there and fishing from an open skiff while the other pushed a two-wheeled cart laden with their catch back to Santa Barbara.

It was past dawn and the Castagnola's first net buoy was visible from at least 75 yards away, part of a gang of trammel nets anchored parallel to the shore just outside

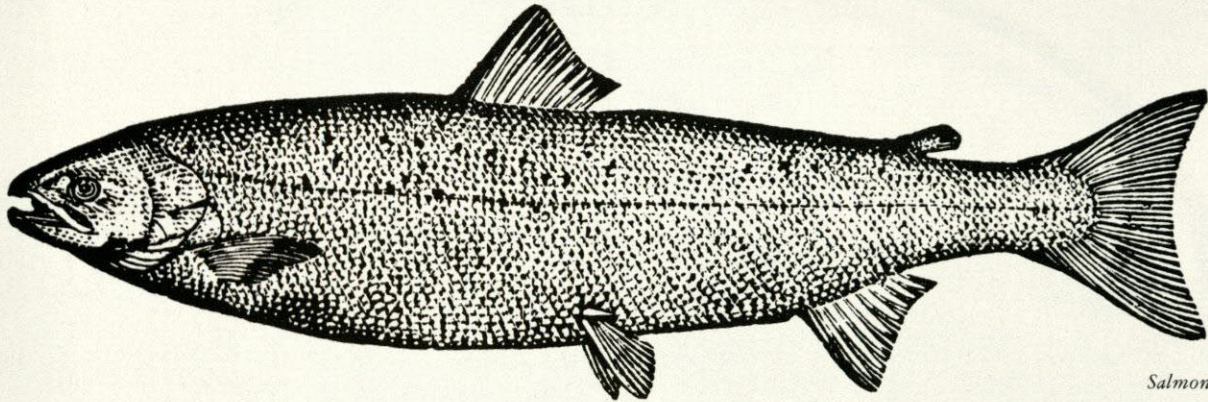
the kelp bed. Jackson approached the eastern end of the nets, facing into the westerly wind. Just before reaching the buoy he swung the vessel around and disengaged the propeller; the wind was behind us now, pushing the "Cecilia" away from the gear. Mac grabbed the buoy line with a long-handled gaff and flipped the line over the net roller, walked it to the winch just behind the pilot house, wrapped it around the cathead, engaged the mechanism, and began coiling the line on deck against the port sideboards.

As soon as the first net anchor broke the surface, Jackson pulled it from the water and stowed it forward, out of the way. Soon the net was at the surface, bunching as it followed the line over the brass rollers to the net puller, where Mac stacked it in a figure-eight pattern on the deck. When fish or a few crabs came over the stern entangled in the mesh, the puller was stopped and the fish shaken from the webbing to beat frenetically on deck until death claimed them.

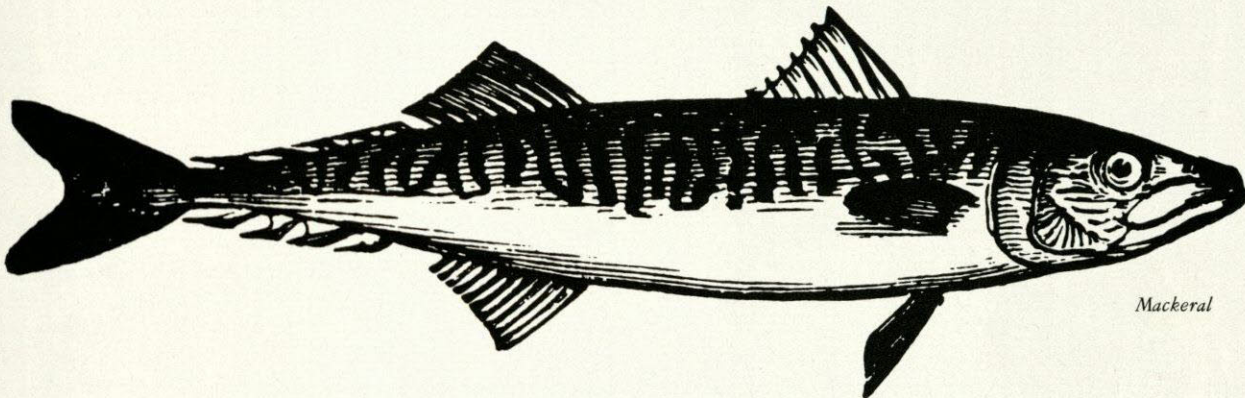
It was fall and the brothers were fishing for halibut, but like most fishermen in the Santa Barbara fleet, this was just one of the succession of fisheries in which they would engage during the course of a year. A fisherman's typical annual cycle might include gill-netting sea bass in the spring, swordfish hunting in the summer and fall, and shrimping or halibut fishing during the winter. Each day is the occasion for a host of decisions: where to fish, when to switch from one fishery to another, and to which buyer to sell the catch.

Certain types of fishing, such as crab and lobster trapping and the setting of stationary nets, are a form of trapping; other types involve a hunting strategy. Trappers tend to be more individualistic than hunters, rarely sharing information about fishing conditions. This lack of cooperation is understandable since their primary concern is to keep rich grounds secret. Hunter-strategy fishermen, however, often have good reason to exchange information about fishing conditions while at sea. These crews stalk fish with nets, hooks, or harpoons, literally hunting down migratory schools of sea bass, salmon, albacore, and swordfish. These fish appear in coastal waters with limited regularity and predictability over a period of time as short as a month and an area as large as several thousand miles. Since a boat can be in only one place at a time, a fisherman who shares information with other boats has an advantage over a crew that works independently.

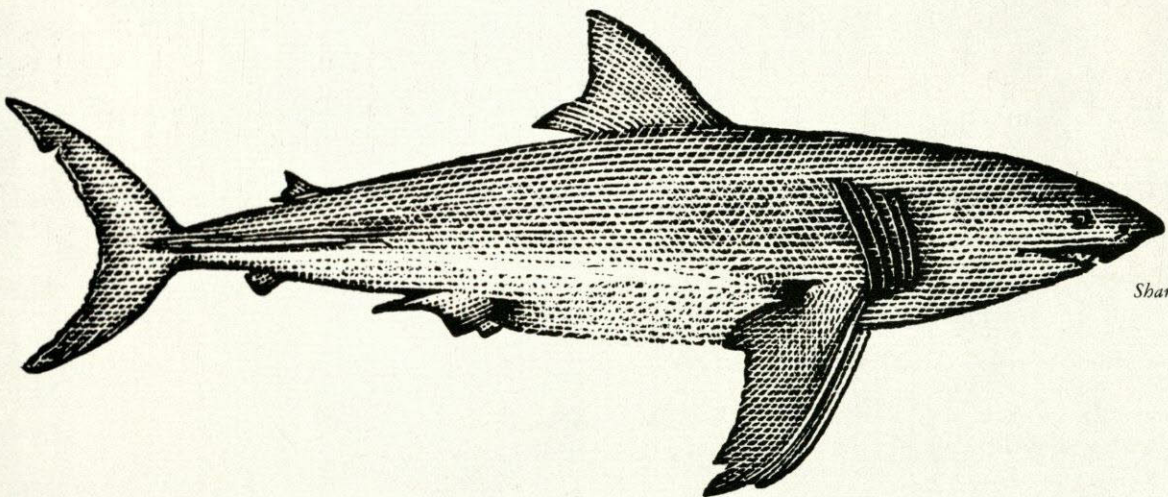
The recent development of electronic equipment has promoted the sharing of information at sea. Some vessels carry as many as eight radios, scanners, and navigation devices, and most have speakers in the pilot house and on deck so they may be monitored continuously by the skipper.



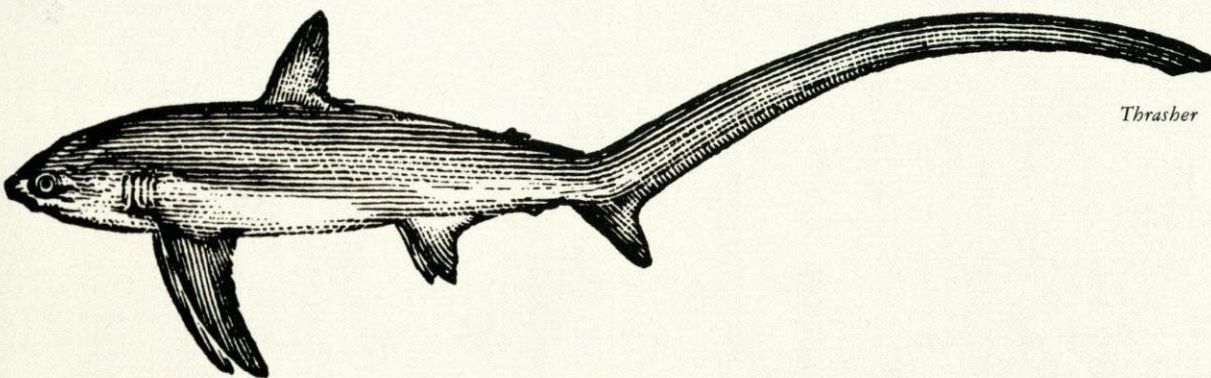
Salmon



Mackerel

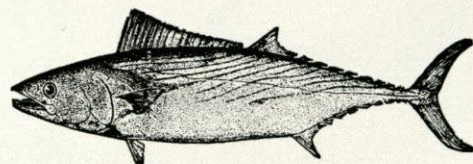
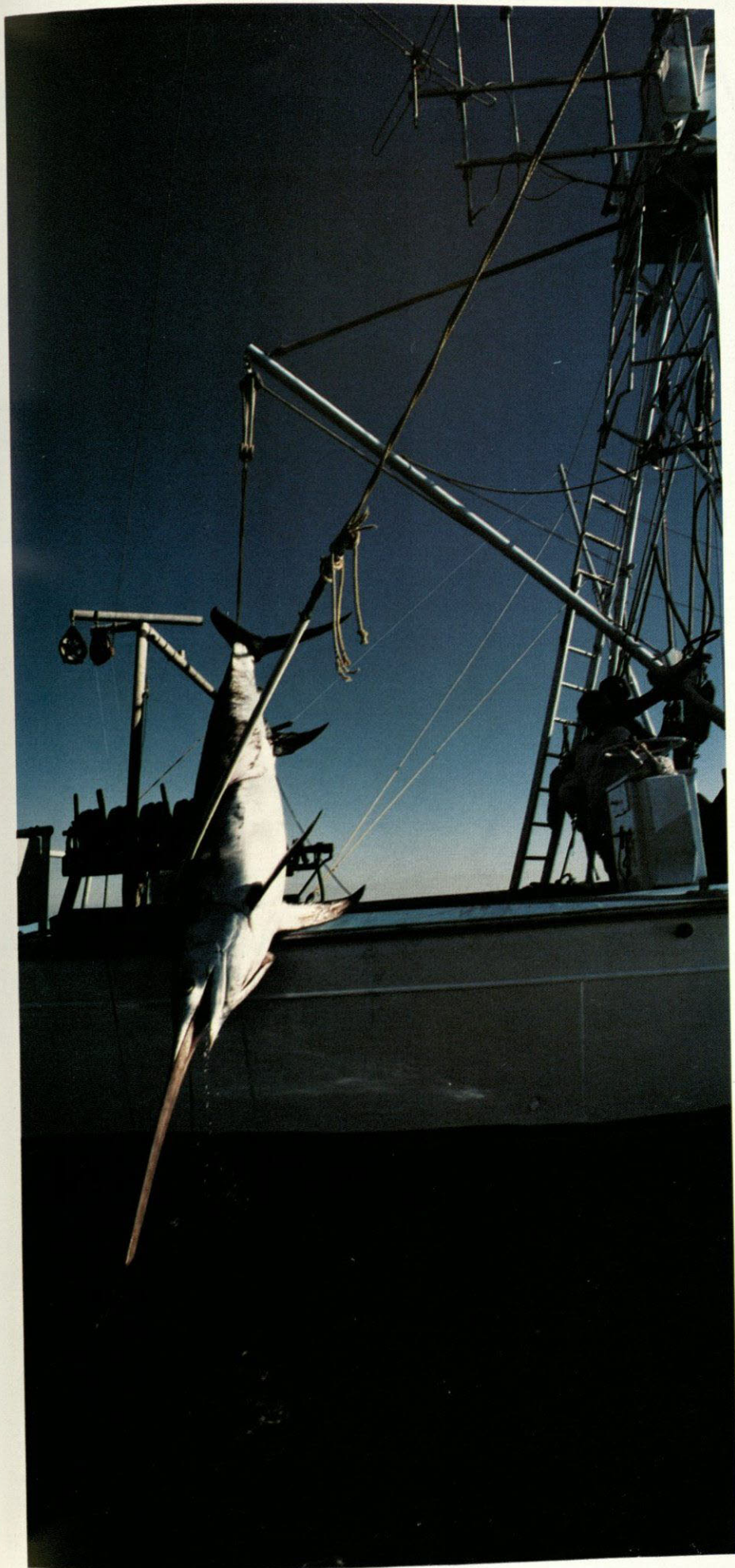


Shark

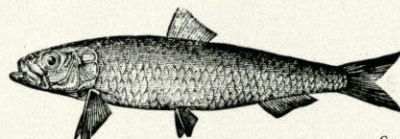


Thrasher

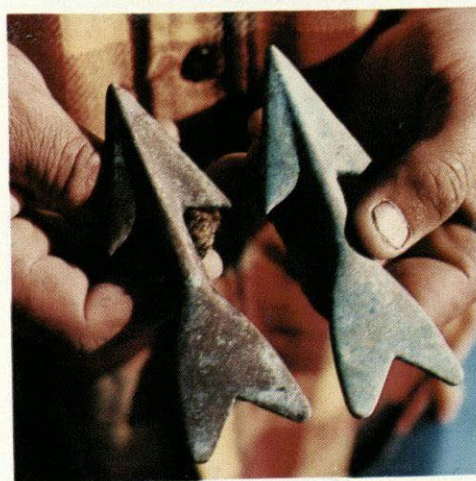




Bonita



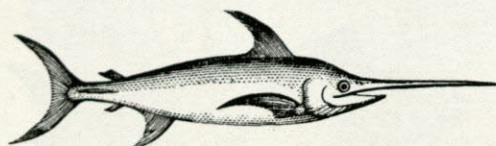
Sardine



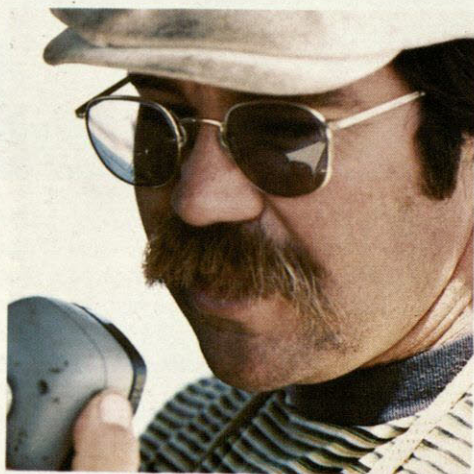
(Opposite) While his wife, Gloria, steers the boat with special controls located in the crow's nest, Fred Hepp raises his 13-foot harpoon and plunges it into a swordfish. He has taken the fish head-on, an unusual procedure, to make the most of the element of surprise. Alexander the Great used the same basic methods of swordfish hunting in the Mediterranean in the 4th century B.C. Here, Hepp's son (striped shirt) learns the technique first-hand from his father. Someday he may take over the business, the boat, and the traditions of fishing.

(This page) The swordfish is hauled aboard, where its head, fins, and viscera will be removed; then it will be stored in the refrigerated fish hold.

Swordfish darts, made of brass, detach from the shaft of the harpoon. A line strung with floats remains attached to the dart, to drag through the water and tire the fish until it can be hauled to boatside.



Swordfish



The changing face of commercial fishing: Cecil Beck (top) is a lifelong fisherman; none of his children is taking up his vocation. Gordon Cota (bottom) represents the new breed; he holds a teaching credential, and no one in his family has ever been a fisherman. (Opposite) Butch Knapp unloads a dressed swordfish from the hold of the "Dor-Ann"—the close of a successful day on the sea.

Jackson told me that his brothers Italo (or "Sunny") and Dario belong to one of the formal information-sharing networks which have sprung up among commercial fishermen. They are called "code groups" and about a dozen boats seem to be the optimum number for maximum solidarity and information management. (More boats converging on one "spot" of fish could force a school to sound or scatter.) A well-structured, long-standing code group might include 12 medium-to-large albacore trollers from different ports. Their skippers, though good friends over the radio, may not know each other face to face for several seasons. Boats have code names—"Lord Nelson," "Havana Tom," "Gramps," or "Fish Wagon"—and each skipper possesses a closely-guarded glossary of codes, including a schedule of hails, or calls, that could be made or expected.

The members are obliged to tell all about their catches and fishing conditions, and they are expected to pass along information obtained by monitoring the radio transmissions of vessels outside the code group. Secrecy is all-important and security measures may include—besides the codes—precisely scheduled calls, and the use of exotic radio frequencies, foreign languages, and scramblers which garble a transmission for everyone except the intended receiver.

The codes may take several forms. The message "Mabel wants you to go to an anniversary" might mean that sea bass ("Mabel") are running off Point Conception ("an anniversary"). A message such as "We're going to eat spaghetti tonight" could indicate a successful catch. A group might mislead non-group members by sending catch figures that are an agreed-upon fraction of the actual figures.

Italian- or Portuguese-speaking fishermen often use their language or a dialect, and foreign languages are also spoken on shore both by fishermen and fish buyers to limit eavesdropping. Use of a foreign language sometimes may be counter-productive, though. One particularly successful swordfish hunter—of whom it is said, "He even considers the time of day a secret"—rarely exchanges information with vessels other than those owned by his brothers and son. But other fishermen know that when he is speaking Portuguese on the radio, chances are that he has found good fishing.

Some fishermen may engage in offshore information-sharing that is not as well organized as that in code groups. What the ad-hoc affiliates may lack in structure and continuity, however, they make up in creativity and spontaneity. I once overheard an unplanned conversation between two Northern California salmon trollers. A fisherman hailed a friend in Italian one evening and after giving his location and discussing personal matters, he said (still in

Italian): "We're getting ready to make some wine. The grapes are ripe and if you want to pick up some barrels, you'd better get up here."

Masked by the preceding trivia and the references to "wine making" was the valuable information that the skipper's crew had been catching a quantity of large salmon—since only the largest fish are packed in barrels to be processed into lox. Understanding the message, the second fisherman ran all night up the coast and caught more than \$1000 worth of salmon the next day.

Information is often detected by fishermen who are sensitive not only to what is being said but also to who is talking and the speaker's tone of voice. Identifying the fisherman is important in judging the veracity of the information. His tone of voice might indicate the conditions near the vessel—a speaker who is short of breath, for instance, may be working hard in a school of fish. Some fishermen, listening to the many hours of transmissions concerning weather, equipment, family and friends, never do develop the proper interpretive skills. These people exuberantly chase illusive "radio fish" all season long.

More local fishermen chase swordfish than any other quarry. Swordfish, "broadbill" or "bronzbacks," appear in the Santa Barbara Channel from late May to November each year. They follow the tropical current north, coming close to shore only at Point Dume where they head west to the islands. Some fish are found inside the Channel, but most are attracted to the seaward side of the islands.

Aside from whaling and hunting the giant bluefin tuna, the only modern fishery in the world that still employs the harpoon is the hunting of swordfish (*Xiphias gladius*) off the coast of Southern California. Since harpooning a swordfish hinges upon sighting one at the surface of the ocean, the "crow's nest" atop the mast is occupied throughout the day by at least one person searching for signs of fish. Binoculars are used to scan the immediate area, and in the recent past, spotter-planes have been used by some fishermen because they can locate fish several feet beneath the surface. Commercial fishermen from Santa Barbara have opposed aerial spotting for fear of depleting the swordfish population, and they have been successful in convincing the California Fish and Game Commission to ban the use of planes in swordfish hunting.

Once a fisherman spots a swordfish, he stalks it. The vessel is maneuvered so that a man in the "pulpit," at the end of a plank extending forward from the bow, has a shot at the fish with his hand-held harpoon. This is normally accomplished by approaching from behind the fish and "running" it a short distance before throwing. If the fish are



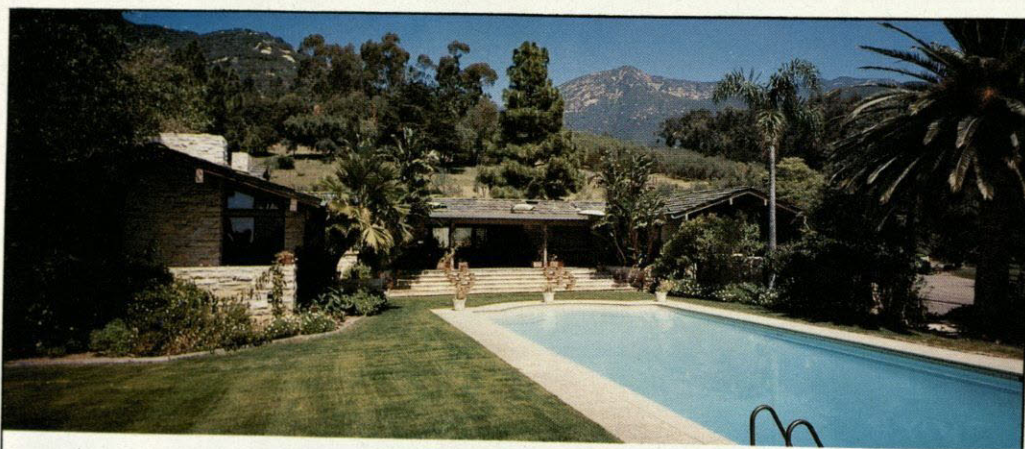


Elmes Travel

Marge Elmes

Ann Kistler Jane Allen
Pat Morris Dottie Brandt
Judy Lindow Nell Kemble
Gen Peterson

516 San Ysidro Road in Montecito, Plaza del Sol
Telephone 805/969-5096



MASTERPIECE OF STONE. Built for a connoisseur of life, this magnificent home on eight acres of Montecito's most prestigious location is surrounded by stately trees and flowers and offers outstanding views of the ocean. There are 8,400 square feet of stone and steel built in 1960. The living room is 48' by 27' with 20' ceilings plus nine other beautiful rooms; three bedrooms, four luxurious baths, library, studio, three car garage, full basement for storage, wine cellar, a large lanai, a bar overlooking a 60' by 24' pool, plus a two bedroom guest house. If you could reproduce this home today, you would have to be the Sultan of Kuwait. Underpriced at \$1,300,000. Contact Bill Gardner, (805) 969-6936.

Sears Realty Company
PROPERTIES LARGE OR SMALL BUT ALWAYS DISTINCTIVE

516 San Ysidro Road, Montecito, CA 93108
(805) 969-5011

unusually skittish, diving or veering away as the vessel closes, an exceptional fisherman might take the fish head-on without a run. This tactic, however, requires such dexterity on the part of the driver and such perfect timing and deadly aim by the harpooner that only a few fishermen resort to it.

The West Coast swordfish fishery began in Santa Barbara in the late 1920s. Each year, even with the increase in vessels on the grounds (largely from the Los Angeles area), the Santa Barbara fleet regularly harvests 15% to 30% of California's total catch.

Between 25 and 35 commercial fishing boats make up the Santa Barbara fleet, and the number has remained within this range since the application of mechanical power to inshore fishing about 70 years ago. (Before the turn of the century, fishing on the coast was conducted from small sail- and oar-powered boats.) Most of the vessels are owned by the fishermen who operate them, some employing one or two crewmen, others preferring to fish alone.

The Santa Barbara fleet is actually a vestige of what was once the dominant form of commercial fishing in California. Until recent technological advances were adapted to commercial fishing, the industry was everywhere characterized by small boats designed for inshore fishing, and by fishermen enmeshed in a web of associations, market relations, and frequently kinship. The Santa Barbara community retains these features.

Social scientists have suggested that fishermen tend to be more satisfied with their occupation than other workers. Fishing seems to be not simply an occupation but a way of life. It has more influence on people's feelings, and it is more pervasive in their lives, than most land-bound occupations.

Actually, when sociologists and industrial psychologists devise "ideal" working conditions and attempt to improve others, they usually do so by unwittingly injecting doses of the most salient conditions of commercial fishing: responsibility, recognition, social exchange, problem solving, and a close connection with the finished product.

The satisfaction that most fishermen seem to find in their work is reflected in the amount of time they spend on the docks. Many men arrive at the harbor early (4:00 to 5:00 a.m.) to check the weather; they may then decide to stay in, and others with no intention of going fishing may arrive slightly later. On days between trips, during the off-season, and even in stormy weather most commercial fishermen make at least one visit to the harbor each day. Wives are typically informed that one of countless maintenance tasks needs the skipper's attention, but frequently the primary

purpose of visiting the harbor is social—to be with one's friends and to observe anything of interest. Whether on the docks, in a foc'sle or a coffee shop, fishermen sit and discuss their equipment, fishing and market conditions, and the politics that are increasingly affecting their work.

So that no one is deluded by a romantic notion of the sea, it must also be said that commercial fishing is tedious, back-breaking, and dangerous. Men can expect gaffs in the leg and flesh torn by hooks, rusty knives and high-speed machinery. It is not uncommon for a fisherman to lose a boat at least once during his career. Every year two or three albacore trollers are accidentally rammed by freighters.

Since the fishing boats can't run to shore daily, each night of the season at least 1000 vessels off the West Coast shut down and simply drift, perhaps 50 miles out at sea, with their lights burning as brightly as possible. But no one sleeps soundly.

In response to the dangers of their profession, commercial fishermen the world over quietly observe a few customs in order to reduce the uncertainty they face. It is believed that certain things invite misfortune to a fishing boat. Some fishermen shudder at the thought of a black suitcase on board, and most never allow a hatch cover to lie upside down on deck. The most common of these customs among California fishermen is the reluctance to begin a fishing trip on Friday. Vessels depart late Thursday night or wait until after midnight on Friday.

As Jackson steered the "Cecelia" past the breakwater, I wondered about the future of commercial fishing in the Santa Barbara Channel. The traditional pattern of recruitment has been for a man to inherit the occupation along with a vessel, a knowledge of customs, and a childhood of fishing experience. But things are changing. Fewer and fewer sons of traditional fishing families are choosing a life on the sea. Increasingly, new recruits to commercial fishing are the college-educated sons of non-fishing middle-class families.

It is unclear what effects this trend might have. Some indication may be found in Gordon Cota, 31, a native son with a teaching credential, skipper of the crab trapper "Topo," and the recently-elected vice-president of the Commercial Fishermen of Santa Barbara. Gordon and other new recruits have joined with more experienced fishermen in promoting their mutual self-interest. Better local facilities for fishermen and a louder voice in matters subject to government regulation are major issues to them. But the overriding concern of all local commercial fishermen, like Jackson, Mac, Red, and Gordon, is to conserve the natural abundance and variety of the marine resources of the Santa Barbara Channel.



Vista from Eucalyptus Hill, elegant condominium community \$260,000

The Linn Company

1214 COAST VILLAGE ROAD
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

LC

Lawrence R. Linn

REALTOR
805/969-5083



Beauty that lasts

richness, depth of color and realism of design as in an original oil painting.

CREATE YOUR OWN wall, tile panels in a door, brighten up a dark corner. Your imagination is your own limitation.

Coast Tile Center

Enduring Elegance
DOMESTIC & IMPORTED TILES

SANTA BARBARA OFFICE
329 SOUTH SALINAS STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CA 93103
TELEPHONE (805) 963-0347

VENTURA OFFICE
28 WEST MAIN STREET
VENTURA, CA 93001
TELEPHONE (805) 648-2249





by ann japenga

Growing up separated from her parents, brother, and sister in post-war Germany, Karin Neumann learned that to survive she would have to find people she could open up to. In her wayfaring life since, she has found many. Once found, they are never abandoned. She maintains a dialogue through letters, phone calls, and art.

Karin Neumann's paintings and drawings are letters to the world, a world she has always reached out to.

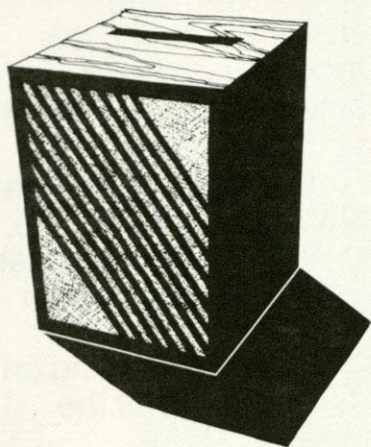
Neumann lives and works in three small asymmetrical rooms within an old yellow clapboard house on Garden Street. A bathing suit and bathing cap—still dripping from her daily half-mile swim—hang on a line in the cold morning air. The artist leads the

The Art of Karin Neumann



PHOTOGRAPH BY JURGEN HILMER

A NEW AND ADVANCED ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL FOR ALLERGIES, ASTHMA AND RESPIRATORY AILMENTS FROM L.M. CALDWELL, PHARMACIST.



If you suffer from allergies, asthma, emphysema or respiratory ailments related to substances in the air, the Vitare Air Purifier from L.M. Caldwell can be highly beneficial. It removes dust, pollen, mold spores, dog and cat hair,

tobacco smoke and even air pollution particles from the air you breath. And it is completely portable and runs constantly for just pennies a day.

A new principle of air purification is used which completely eliminates the health hazards of ozone and the intermittent arcing of electrostatic air purifiers. An advanced H.E.P.A. filter technology eliminates the need for pre-filters and constant cleaning, simply change the filter once a year.

The new Vitare Air Purifier is available from L.M. Caldwell, Pharmacist, and it can be either purchased or rented. Stop in soon and find out more about this new advance in air purifiers.

L.M. CALDWELL
PHARMACIST
We really deliver!

1509 State Street, Telephone 965-4528
235 West Pueblo Street, Telephone 682-7353



Photograph: Jurgen Hilmer

A NEUTRA CLASSIC

lies secluded in a mature land-and-waterscape on 21 gently rolling acres in the scenic Ojai Valley 75 miles northwest of Los Angeles. Considered by many critics to be one of the finest statements of Richard Neutra's humanistic philosophy of architecture, this home won the coveted American Institute of Architects First Honor Award in 1953. Four bedrooms in the main residence; two-room guest house; pool and whirlpool; fruit and pine groves; small barn. Color brochure upon request: Offered at \$1,600,000; terms available.

JOYCE GIBB, INC.
REALTOR

1119 CHAPALA STREET SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101
(805) 962-3744

way into the living room, and settles down on the worn, cream-colored tapestry carpet.

She is dressed in a loose beige sweater, scarf, and black jeans tucked into beige boots. Light from the bay window illuminates her auburn hair and sharp, 37-year-old features.

On an end table is a faded, fringed antique lamp, a glass bowl full of letters, and a kaleidoscopic arrangement of freshly cut flowers.

"I picked them in the garden of a Sicilian man who lives down the street," she says. "Flowers intrigue me—the way they burst open, the way they close.

"My uncle taught me to take plants and seed pods apart and look at them under a magnifying glass. There is an enormous world in there. I look and they wilt right in front of me."

Laughing, she adds simply, "They go."

She points out an unfinished painting of a bruised-looking, hard-tipped plant butting up through a crack in the sidewalk. "I bought that amaryllis at the Safeway in Eugene. I watched it every day. Plants are so powerful—they push through everything."

The amaryllis recurs in Neumann's work, as do many other varieties of plants, pods, and flowers. She tries to paint them as they are, without interpretation. She likes their textures, colors, shadows. But more than that, she likes their logic, their simplicity. And she can be zealous about capturing it.

Once, while working on a magazine assignment, she ventured out at two o'clock in the morning to search for a Shepherd's Purse. She found one growing on a silent downtown street, and turned her flashlight beam on the wildflower, checking a detail.

Neumann rises from the floor to put a violin concerto by Mozart on the record player, and Casper, the white cat, leaps onto the couch. Neumann sits again. With lengthy pauses, each one magnified in the hushed, high-ceilinged room, she recalls her childhood.

She was born March 7, 1941 in Kirn, Germany, "where the Rhine and the Moselle rivers come together." Growing up in children's homes, bruised and confused by the aftermath of war, she made rare weekend trips to Frankfurt

to visit her mother.

As a teenager, she was self-supporting—drawing and dancing in Greece during the summers, and working in Germany during the winters. After moving to Brussels, she worked as a free-lance illustrator and began proceedings to come to America.

She was 23 years old when she crossed the ocean. She knew the move was final. Living at first in New York City, then in San Francisco, she illustrated books and magazines, but didn't think of herself as a "serious" artist.

Another move: to the top of Gold Butte Mountain in the Oregon Cascades. For three months, she lived with a friend in a mountain lookout tower, and painted for herself, rather than for an employer. At last, she felt like an artist.

She lived in Eugene, Oregon, for seven years. Married to an artist-animator, she was gardening more and painting less. Then, four years ago, she and her husband moved to Santa Barbara where she resumed work as a commercial illustrator.

Though they are no longer married, she maintains a dialogue with her former husband, as she does with friends, relatives, Germany, and Oregon. There are snippets of conversations with people and places in all the odd angles of this house.

On a bulletin board in the workroom, atop the layers of brittle photographs, letters, and sketches, is a picture of a tall, brown, gingerbread-like house, one of the children's homes Neumann grew up in.

There is also a picture of the house in Frankfurt where she sometimes visited her mother. She still dreams about it. And about the blackbird perched on a branch of the bare oak tree outside her mother's fifth-floor window.

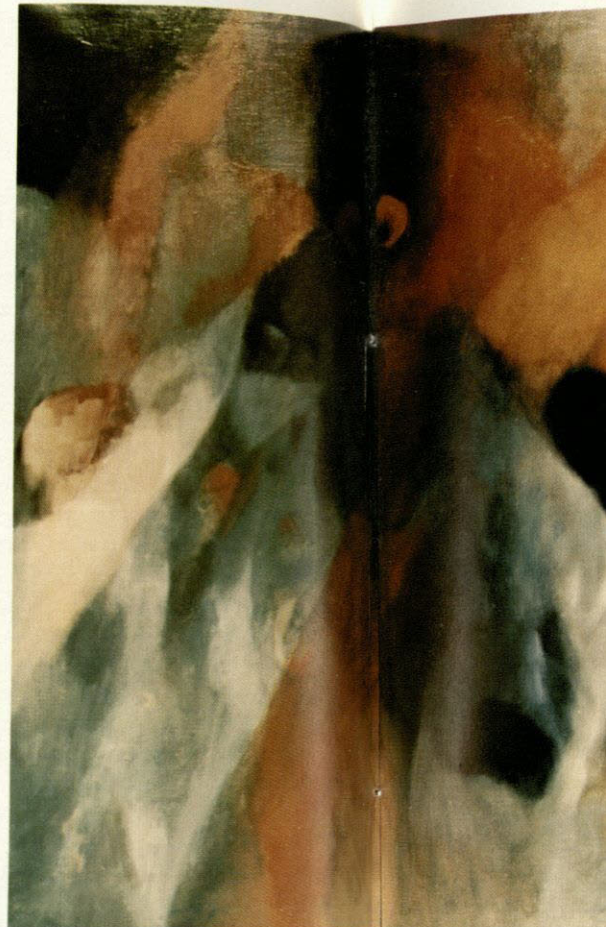
She no longer identifies with Germany or German perfectionism. But she admits that the national trait exhibits itself in her. "Sometimes, when I get started on a painting, I'll work till the birds sing."

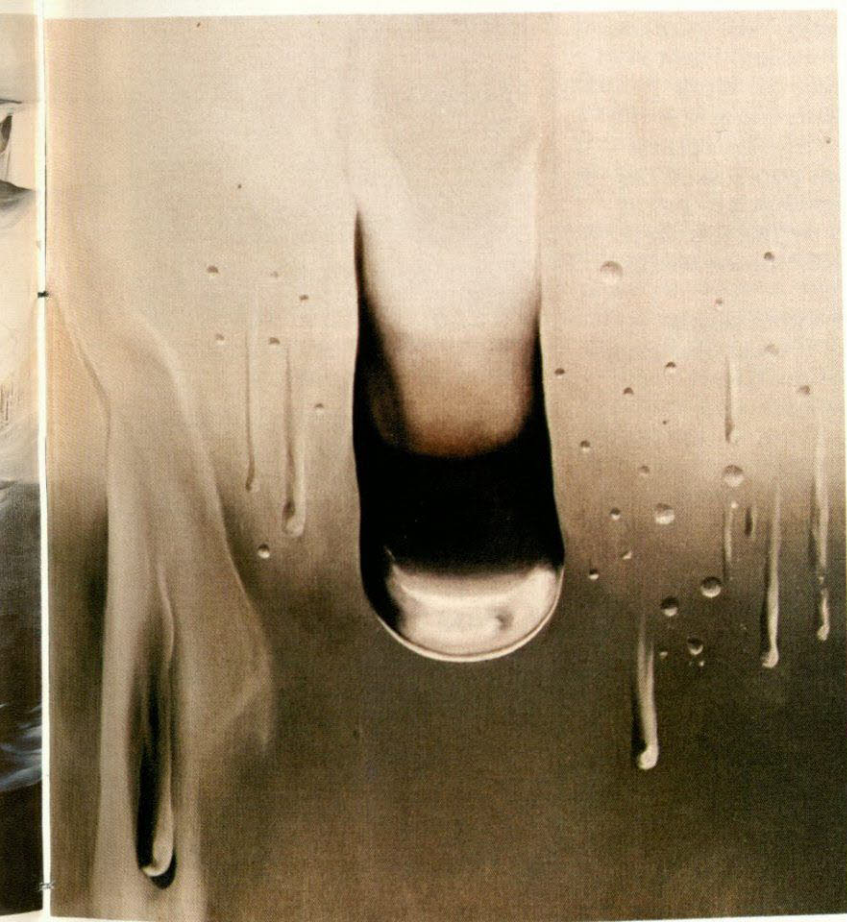
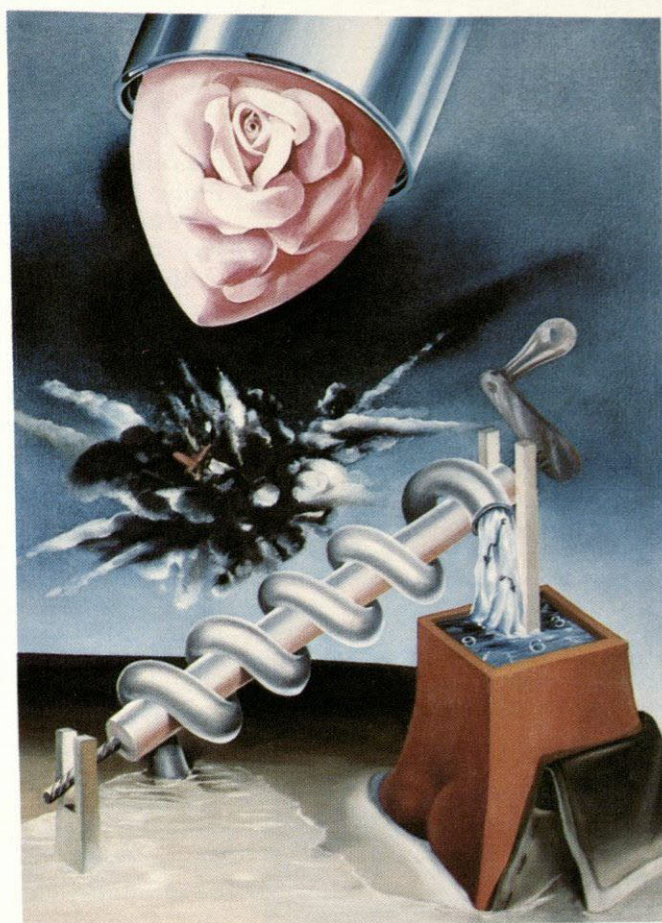
The painting and writing of others is like a "spark plug" or a "springboard" for her, says Neumann. It sets her off. "I like Georgia O'Keefe. She makes a lot of sense to me. I like Flemish painting—the richness, the juiciness of



the foot-note*

FINE IMPORTED & DOMESTIC FOOTWEAR FOR WOMEN
5738 CALLE REAL CENTER, GOLETA 967-2090





Top (left to right)
 Maison Pensee (1978)
 Untitled (1968)
 Last Time, Brave Soldier (1972)

Bottom (left to right)
 Rockbird (1978)
 The Amaryllis 1976)
 Drop (1976)

ARMSTRONG STANLEY REALTORS

1715 State Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
(805) 963-0881

INVESTMENT DIVISION
963-3325
1725 State Street

**Let
this
brochure
introduce you
to a 10%-11% or 12%*
return on your
income**

To see how thousands of California investors are earning a 10% return—and may earn 11% or 12%*—with a minimum \$5,000 investment, mail the attached coupon or...

Call the Man at Pacific Plan

BOB WALDHEIM

682-3701

Investments for IRA and KEOGH Accounts

*10% return is based upon borrower's compliance with terms of the note. Higher returns are subject to receipt of prepayment charges as allowed by law.



PACIFIC PLAN OF CALIFORNIA

1501 State St., Suite F, Santa Barbara 93101

Gentlemen: Please send your new brochure showing how California investors may earn 10%, 11%, 12%* return through Pacific Plan of California.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZIP _____

PHONE _____

A California Loan Brokerage firm for California Residents Only.

the colors. And as for writers, I like Proust."

Neumann's thoughts are arranged in Proustian fashion. Bits of her past occur to her whenever they touch the present. "Like a tapestry, or a web," her recollections are woven into her waking life and her dreams.

"I get a lot of help and a lot of information from my dreams," she says. Uncurling gracefully from the cradle of throw pillows, she strides over to the fireplace and flicks her cigarette over the grate. The ashes rain down on dead, dry flowers. Leaning against the mantel, she recounts her dream of the night before, savoring the details—the smooth white paint on a gate, the brass fixtures on a door.

A dream, a memory, or even a television commercial can provide the germ of a Neumann painting. Preparing to work, she focuses on the germ and nourishes it until it is full grown. The concept is often complex, full of interlocking symbols, visual puns, and references that elude even the artist.

"It's all about learning," she explains. "About gathering information and working with it. Feeling it." While collecting the information that will figure in a painting, Neumann takes photographs or makes pencil sketches.

When she finally sits down to paint, she works in oil—"I love the texture, the smell of it." And she always works at night.

Sometimes the work goes slowly. Sometimes, she says, "It's just like letter writing, it flows out of my hands."

Neumann's earliest work was abstract. "The first painting I ever did with real objects in it was of a chair sitting in a road. The road went up into the mountains and ended in the moon. A little road led away from the main road—as if to avoid it—and met it again farther on.

"I was making a definite statement about how I felt: I'd like to sit down in the chair and forget about it. Or, I'd like to take the little road which, in spite of itself, came back to the main road again."

A representative of Pearson Gallery in New York saw the painting and bought it. Since that initial recognition, Neumann has had shows in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Aspen.

WE KEEP BEAUTIFUL SANTA BARBARA DREAM HOMES ...MORE BEAUTIFUL



It's not our job to tell you how much better we *do* our job than our competitors.

It's our job to provide the finest, and most *personalized* on-your-premises home cleaning service for carpet, draperies and upholstery . . . including insurance disasters . . . in all of beautiful Santa Barbara.

It's been our job for five years. Call us. We'll be happy to help keep your dream house stay that way.



FOR PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

call: 963-0606

**of SANTA
BARBARA**

antoine
international inc.

women/men
spectrum

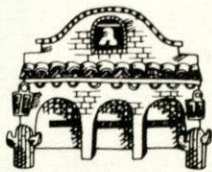
hair/skin

1034 coast village rd.
santa barbara, ca 969-5071

Presenting the Burrito Supreme

... a meal in itself

Available
only at



TACO BELL

5980 Hollister Ave.,
and 3 other locations

Her paintings are full of organic shapes. The tendency of nature to form lobes and globes, which Thoreau once observed, is manifested in leaves, eggs, buds, drips—even hearts, a shape the artist finds particularly satisfying.

There are sketches on her bedroom wall of tiny water organisms, rendered cleanly and precisely. Sketches of sprouting chestnuts intertwined with hearts. Sketches of thumbs and stones; owls, apes and humans.

While looking at her own work, Neumann's brown eyes, edged in black, narrow. Her strong jaw relaxes, her head tilts back, and she laughs, delighting in the ridiculousness of an image or a thought.

On the patchwork bulletin board in her workroom are two photographic portraits. One is of Susan Sontag, philosopher, author, and film maker. An intellectual. Neumann admires Sontag immensely. She represents a quality the artist values—the ability to reason and verbalize.

The other photograph shows sculptor Claes Oldenburg, clear eyes peering over glasses, mouth pursed in a quizzical smile. Neumann admires and feels akin to him also. He takes the pathos out of art, she says. With humor, with laughter, he makes art accessible.

"I've always been sad about the divisions art causes," says Neumann. "People walk in here and feel they have to say something about my work; they talk about art being an experience. And it is—but so is eating!"

"Just recently, for the first time, I became close friends with a woman who is not an artist. I'm grateful to be relieved of another myth—that artists can only find real friends among other artists."

Once, a distinguished professor went to see an exhibit of Neumann's work. Examining a painting built around a pun, the professor laughed. His response pleased her.

But her favorite response of all came from one untrained in art—a 4-year-old girl. Looking at a painting of an amaryllis bud, the girl exclaimed, "I want to eat it!"

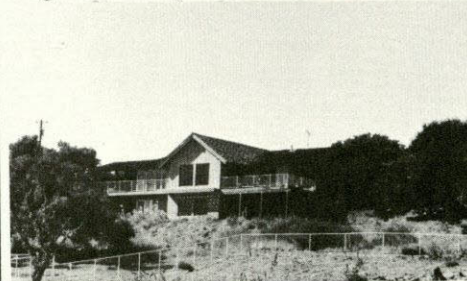
Karin Neumann has spent a good part of her life reaching out to people. When professors laugh, and little girls react, she knows she has reached them.

Presenting The "QUEST"

Thoroughbred Horse Ranch

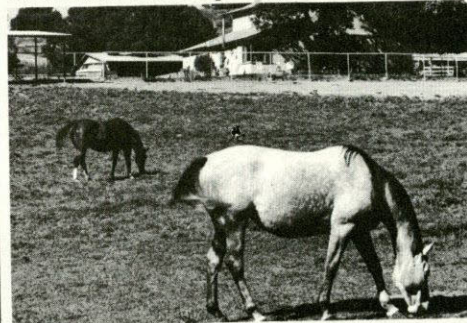


Picturesque Ballard Canyon in the Santa Ynez Valley is the setting for this outstanding horse ranch. A 4,500 square foot home, high on an oak-dotted hill, overlooks the 10-acre property, and features a step-down living room with a huge stone fireplace, conversation loft and



lounge pit. There are three bedrooms, formal dining room and a modern kitchen. Downstairs, a game room, office, wine room, large hobby room and bath complete the spacious residence.

A V-mesh and steel post fence surrounds the completely utilized acreage,



which includes four pastures, corrals, paddocks, hay barn, excellent well and a three-stall barn. Separate from the main house is a beautifully decorated two-story apartment. Truly the perfect operation for the active, horse-minded family. \$500,000.

Tom - Joan
Bohlinger
REALTORS

3558 Sagunto Street
Santa Ynez, CA 93460
(805) 688-6456